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The Pedantocracy
by Paul Johnson

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Axioms About Israel
by Norman MacKenzie

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A New Story
by Edward Hyams

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The Conspiracy in Africa

THE Africans shot in Nyasaland this week are the first to die in British Africa since the Accra conference last September. At Accra, African nationalist leaders, backed by independent African states, declared war on white racialism throughout the continent. The Conservative government has now ranged itself on the side of the white racialists, and supported their effort to perpetuate their supremacy by violence.

No one, outside the ranks of Tory backwoodsmen and the Tory press, will accept, without precise evidence, the story of a prepared 'massacre' in Nyasaland. Who were the Africans going to massacre? For a week they were in complete control of the northern province of Nyasaland and not a life was lost. But on Tuesday, when the emergency was declared, at least 26 Africans were killed by the security forces.

The conspiracy was organised by the other side. For several years now, both federal and Southern Rhodesian ministers have urged the British colonial governments of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland to suppress the African Congress parties. They were to be suppressed because they alone gave expression to African political aspirations. The Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia has revealed that his government has been planning emergency measures since before Christmas. As soon as demonstrations began in Nyasaland, he and Sir Roy Welensky brought pressure on Sir Robert Armitage to force a showdown with Dr Hastings Banda and his colleagues. In so doing they threw aside the pretence of 'partnership': their real and manifest objective was to maintain absolute white supremacy. So contemptuous is Sir Roy of British authority—which accepted federation on a promise of partnership—that he was prepared to flout the House of Commons by deporting one of its members, John Stonehouse, from a British protectorate which is still under Colonial Office control. The federal government planned so to fortify its position before the 1960 constitutional conference on the future of the Federation that it would be able to confront the British government with an ultimatum.

The present British government has succumbed to Sir Roy's pressure. For ten days the Governor of Nyasaland had been denying that special measures were needed to preserve order in the riot areas. He then, last Tuesday, announced a state of emergency at the moment when order had been restored. He had by that time secured the help of federal troops (including the Southern Rhodesian white Territorials) and was held to be strong enough to smash the inevitable African reaction. He arrested the leaders of Congress and deported Dr Banda and his colleagues from their native land to Southern Rhodesia. At the same time the British government approved the federal deportation order against Mr Stonehouse. The Tories have let go their power of restraint over the white racialists and chosen to participate in white settler suppression of African political development. As in Cyprus, they have preferred violence to constitutional discussion. The end will be the same: they will have to negotiate with those whom they now deport. But in the meantime how many lives will be lost, and how much of the remaining faith in Britain destroyed?

What will the consequences be? The Africans of Nyasaland no longer ask for Colonial Office protection as an alternative to federation, they demand independence as an African state. Even if Nyasaland is not yet able to stand alone, it can no longer be made to remain part of the Federation; and the effects of its revolt will be immediate all over Africa, and especially in Northern Rhodesia. A fuse has been fired which will set Africa alight. The greatest event of the last decade has been the emergence of an independent Asia: the centre of the world's struggle will now be in Africa. We can only speculate whether the Commonwealth will survive in Africa, whether, during the long, confused struggle ahead, any remnant will remain of the western ideals which still have a valuable, even if a tenuous hold, among educated Africans everywhere. The British Labour Party has here its most important role to play. It must unreservedly enter this struggle on the side of African freedom, recognising the African proletariat as its most hungry constituency, and realising that, in championing its rights, it is fighting for all that matters in the western tradition.

Comments on the Week's News

Bonn and Pankow

One of the arguments advanced against western recognition of the East German regime is that this would be wholly unacceptable to the West Germans, that, indeed, it would so undermine their confidence in the good faith of the West that they would be driven to abandon Nato and seek a separate accommodation with the Russians. This view, for instance, was put forcibly in the US Senate recently by Senator Javits, who indicated that he has good German sources for his opinion. Apart, however, from the logical flaw in that argument – why should an unwillingness to recognise the Pankow regime lead Bonn to a rapprochement with Moscow? – this extreme attitude does not seem to be an accurate reflection even of official opinion in Bonn. It was Dr Adenauer who suggested that both East and West Germany should be asked to attend any foreign ministers' conference on Berlin; there is growing contact between the two halves of Germany on trade and technical matters; and there is a growing minority in all the political parties which believes that there must be direct negotiations between Bonn and Pankow. Only the Free Democrats are actually committed to this policy. But a good many Socialists take the same view: last autumn, for instance, Mr Gustav Heinemann suggested that there should be a joint Bonn-Pankow agency to deal with all-German problems and, possibly, to discuss ways and means of reunification. And some prominent members of Dr. Adenauer's own party privately have said much the same. This line of thought is now becoming a matter of public discussion. Last week, the weekly *Der Spiegel*, which is often willing to say loudly what more cautious papers hint at in whispers, said bluntly that the West would have to recognise the East German government, and that Bonn must be willing to talk to Pankow. Mr Krushchev's intelligence service has no doubt reported to him that the West German position is not so monolithic as Dr Adenauer tries to make out.

Militants and Management

The immediate cause of the unofficial strike in the Ford works at Dagenham is the refusal of less than 300 men in the door assembly section to work with a non-unionist. Since they have stopped work, the whole assembly line has come to a halt and more than 10,000 men had to be laid off. It may be, as certain reporters have suggested, that the Ford shop stewards – who have an extremist record – have simply picked an issue which permits them to stage this 'militant' exercise, and that this is intended to be one of a series of unofficial actions planned by shop stewards in different industries. It is not at all clear what group is supposed to be working for these ends: is it the neo-Trotskists led by Mr Fryer, Mr Healey and Mr Behan, or the John Lawrence faction, or the official Communists? All three factions are fighting for influence in the shop stewards movement, and the political history of the Ford-Briggs stewards is so complex that no one without detailed inside knowledge can safely decide which political trend is strongest at a given moment. But in strikes that are called over the refusal of a worker to join or remain in a union – the walk-out of the Nuffield plant in Birmingham has been another example – there is always a genuine point of trade union principle, although strikes are a clumsy and irresponsible way of dealing with it. The unions concerned should take the issue to negotiation with the management, or to arbitration. Curiously, in the Ford dispute, it is the Vehicle Builders who have made the strike official for their members, while the AEU – which had expelled for non-payment of dues the man whose removal is demanded by the strikers – has urged its members to return to work, so that the matter can be talked over with the management. That is the sensible course, for the damage done by a strike of this kind seems out of all proportion to the grievance. In highly organised industries, such as car manufacture, or mining, or steel, however, the union shop is an accepted practice, and an industrial management which tries to insist on employing non-unionists is bound to run into trouble. No one can lay down a firm rule, but common sense and accepted practice are better guides than a wasteful showdown.

Social Therapy?

It may be true, in a general way, that a man should not resign from a committee when he finds himself in serious disagreement with it, but should stay in it and try to put things right. But there are exceptions, and it is manifest that one of them is the Earl of Shrewsbury's resignation from the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship and the reasons he gave for it. Only this, in all probability, could have precipitated the healthy crisis now convulsing the Fellowship, which the Charity Commissioners and the London County Council are watching with a livelier interest than usual. No one has yet seriously suggested that the Fellowship's registration as a charity should be cancelled – a step which would preclude any further appeals to the public for donations. But when an organisation with an annual income of £100,000 spends £20,000 in one year on 'social parties for members', some more convincing name than 'social therapy' will be required to convince most people that the money is being sensibly laid out. 'Two or three small hostels in the whole of England and Wales is not a very clever record when you consider the money the Fellowship has', said the Earl of Shrewsbury. It must be a record of some kind.

Road Planning

Last weekend's burst of sunshine brought with it traffic jams which point to the chaos that must be expected this summer. With half a million new vehicles adding to congestion annually, traffic conditions continue to deteriorate and in many urban areas are already intolerable. The roads programme has been stepped up, but on far too haphazard a basis and largely as a result of special pleading by a high-pressure lobby. The building of more and better roads, essential as it is, is not in itself the solution of the problem. A comprehensive assessment of transport habits and needs in relation to the broader aspects of town and country planning, industrial location and land use is required and a more imaginative approach to the problem desirable. This is the plea made in a new Fabian research pamphlet (*What Shall We Do About The Roads?* by W. T. Rodgers, 2s. 6d.). Although no definite answer is given, the case is made out for a more intelligent assembly of facts before spectacular road schemes are undertaken for reasons of political prestige. It is right to stress this need to base decisions on the expert advice of architects and traffic engineers, who have a real knowledge of the roads and traffic needs, and on the economics of improvements. Only with such knowledge will it be possible to determine the merits of, for instance, motorways over major improvements of existing roads, the alternative means for relieving urban congestion by elevated roads or express ways in the American style, or whether such expensive schemes can be avoided by the greater encouragement of public transport. Whether, however, a co-ordinated and planned road programme can be achieved under the present administrative arrangements is doubtful. There are far too many authorities responsible for the roads today, but it is by no means certain that the proper solution to the administrative problem lies in the pamphlet's suggestion of a national highways authority which would be responsible to the British Transport Commission.

Tito's Tour

For three months, while President Tito has been on his tour of the non-committed countries, Yugoslav newspapers have been engaged in a running campaign to 'correct misinterpretations' in both the Communist and western press. First, they have emphatically denied that the tour was an attempt to create 'a third force': this – and the possible revival of the Balkan Pact – would have been inconsistent, in *Borba's* phrase, with 'co-operation among those countries which are united in their opposition to further bloc polarisation in the world'. Yet, at the same time, a good deal of stress was laid on the 'positive' nature of this co-operation. *Borba* and *Politika* have continually used such phrases as 'building a bridge' between Europe and Asia, or between the opposing power blocs. In the early stages of the tour, Yugoslav commentators were suggesting – in the words of the party journal *Komunist* – that 'co-operation between Yugoslavia and a number of countries in Asia and Africa is today viewed askance from both sides'. But while the joint communiqués issued by Tito and his hosts after each visit continued to play variations on the anti-colonialist theme, the Belgrade press gradually became involved in sharp polemics with the Bulgarians, the Albanians, and later with the Chinese and Soviet newspapers. The criticisms on the Communist side, *Borba* has said, were inspired by an anxiety that Tito might disclose 'the facts about Yugoslavia's relations with the Socialist camp'. The Yugoslavs, moreover, have been able to score some good debating points. Picking on the contradiction between Soviet attacks on Tito and expressions of friendship towards the countries which he was visiting, *Borba* remarked that 'one cannot write that Tito has gone as an emissary of American imperialism to the countries of Asia and Africa without at the same time attacking as Tito's accomplices the governments and peoples who give him a cordial welcome'. To offset this exchange with the East, the Yugoslavs have firmly denied that Tito has been trying to rally neutralist support against the Communist world, and have repudiated western suggestions that his final call, at Rhodes, was the prelude to new commitments towards western strategy. The real purpose of the President's tour was never made clear, though it undoubtedly had prestige value. His balancing act continues with great skill.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

The Prime Minister

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Last Saturday, before Macmillan returned to Moscow for his final meeting with Krushchev, *Pravda* published a report of an election speech by Mikoyan. It was noteworthy for two reasons: devoted almost entirely to foreign affairs, which is unusual, it gave the western as well as the Soviet point of view on the German question. True, the Foreign Office officials then in the Soviet Union could not have accepted Mikoyan's version of Britain's motives in, for instance, supporting the proposed foreign ministers' conference on the German problem. Nevertheless, they ought to have derived some satisfaction from the fact that the man who is playing an increasingly important role in the shaping of Soviet foreign policy should have felt it necessary to argue and defend his government's stand before a provincial electoral public. In short, the British Prime Minister's visit has widened the debate on foreign policy which has been going on here since the Soviet authorities adopted the practice of publishing the full texts of foreign notes.

Why is it that when British statesmen come to Moscow there is so much talk among Russians about their hats? Is it because they find their cast of features to be lacking in character and expression? Certainly, those features of Macmillan's face in which Vicky delights have passed unnoticed here, while all Moscow is for some reason talking about Macmillan's (accent on the '*an*') *gogol*. A gogol, literally a golden-eyed sea-duck, is slang for the hat in which he arrived.

With this exception, and despite the presence of Selwyn Lloyd, the Prime Minister has left an impression of rather colourless conventionality on the public. The goodwill he has undoubtedly created for Britain would easily survive his relinquishment of office. The spruceness, the good tailoring, the neatly-knotted tie, these are what every Russian expects of an *anglichanin*, and the fact that the tie is Old Etonian and that the debonair features crumpled with obviously deeply-felt emotion during tragic moments in the *Romeo and Juliet* meant nothing to the public. It was not only what Macmillan had to say about the approach to critical and dangerous international situations that seems to have prompted the Russians to defend their own positions. His implied complaint that the public sees modern Britain through Dickensian spectacles brought a reply too. Here, most foreign observers in Moscow would agree, his complaint was less valid. It failed to take into account the developments of the past few years.

This Dickens business started, probably, in a report by the embassy's Russian secretariat, a department which studies Soviet internal affairs, written at a time when translations of modern English literature were confined to a handful of approved 'progressives' and when even J. B. Priestley was in bad odour. In those years, too, Russian publishers were using their limited paper-supplies mainly to replace the classics in the libraries totally destroyed during the war. But times have changed. Dickens indeed retains his popularity: perhaps because his novels are long, sentimental and humane, and because the inherent note of social protest strikes a chord in the Russian reader's heart which no contemporary Soviet writing can. But it is highly doubtful whether many Dickens-lovers here read *Little Dorrit* and *Great Expectations* as documents on modern English life, any more than they do the works of Defoe, Shaw or Galsworthy, which are also widely read. Their picture is more likely to have been formed by the immensely popular books of Somerset Maugham, Graham Greene, A. J. Cronin, J. B. Priestley and the *serditiye molodiye liudi* (Angry Young Men), which appear prominently in the lists that publishers issued to the press immediately after Macmillan's hint.

There is one more aspect of Macmillan's visit which is of vital interest to the 30-odd western reporters stationed permanently in Moscow. Will the censorship which has been lifted for the first time in 12 years be clamped down again when the party leaves this week? Will the Soviet authorities come round to the view that by permitting free communications they have more to gain in international prestige than to lose by the publication of a few unpleasant truths? In most other aspects of their work, conditions for foreign correspondents have improved substantially in recent years: they may travel more freely and their social contacts are no longer confined to foreigners; news conferences are more frequent. But the fact remains that every message they file from Moscow has to be submitted to careful scrutiny by an unapproachable censorship. In this respect, the greater freedom that has been granted to Soviet editors, theatre and film producers and others is denied foreign correspondents. Will the experience of the Macmillan visit bring a change? Before these (uncensored) lines are published we shall know.

Rangoon

Can Parliament Survive?

Our Burmese Correspondent writes: The Burmese parliament in joint session of the two chambers last week gave more than the necessary two-thirds majority to the bill which seeks to amend the constitution to enable General Ne Win to continue as prime minister. Section 116 of the constitution places a time limit of six months on the office of a minister who is not an MP, and General Ne Win, reporting to the Chamber of Deputies on 13 February that the situation was not right for the holding of fair and free elections, also said he had tendered his resignation as premier because he felt that Section 116 was in the way of his staying on. He also felt the need of a vote of confidence, especially since U Nu, who had handed over the premiership to him, was pressing hard for elections.

The political situation here is such that there is no alternative to General Ne Win. U Nu held on for a few days, bargaining with Ne Win for elections, and in those few days lost a handful of his followers in parliament to the faction led by U Ba Swe and U Kyaw Nyein. U Ba Swe, on his part, has pledged, more from practical necessity than principle, that he would not lead a government even though his faction promised to win a marginal majority in the lower chamber. The fact is that hostilities between the parties are now so hot that none can hope to govern on the strength of a marginal majority, nor is a coalition possible. Thus it was that within a few days of Ne Win's 'resignation' there was a stampede in parliament to urge him to return, and to get Section 116 out of the way. The necessary constitutional amendment, moved by U Kyaw Nyein, shot through the two chambers in 12 days. U Nu himself directed his faction to vote in favour, though he has declared that he would still press for early elections. Ne Win has promised that he will continue to strive for the holding of elections within the year, if possible, or at the latest by March next year.

Thoughts in Rangoon are turning more and more now to amending the constitution in order to rearrange the roles and powers of parliament and the executive. Parliament had worked reasonably enough when the AFPFL held unchallenged sway – or, rather, if it did not work as it should, there was nobody to notice or challenge it. Now since June the weaknesses of parliament are being shown up. Politics is being equated by intelligent observers with a scramble for office, and the big question is: if politics is what it seems to be, will the system of parliamentary supremacy, which was faithfully copied from the British system by the drafters of the constitution, ever have a chance to survive?

Westminster

Boiling Point

After this week's debate on the state of emergency in Nyasaland, a longstanding Labour member of parliament recalled to me a scene which he had witnessed before the war when Mr Neville Chamberlain, addressing an anxious House, suddenly received a message on a piece of paper and, with a smile of sublime relief, broke off his speech to say: 'I am happy to say that Herr Hitler has invited me to visit him in Germany'. The Labour member commented: 'You know, we only found out later that Chamberlain knew about this invitation before he began his speech and arranged for the message to be sent in as a means of tipping over any waverers in a surge of dramatic emotion.' His reflections were provoked by Lennox-Boyd's revelation on Tuesday of the discovery of a 'massacre plot' in Nyasaland.

Partly because it has become used to Conservative tricks—the Zinoviev letter, the savings scare and the 1945 Gestapo are still fresh in Labour memories – the opposition as a whole was inclined to suspect the massacre story. It had already come near to boiling point over the Stonehouse affair, not just because a member of parliament had been refused access to a protectorate for which parliament is still responsible, but even more because this was taken as one more sign that both the British government and the federal government in Central Africa, despite the experiences of the past, were once again preparing to meet rising nationalism with a policy of suppression. Then came the news that a state of emergency had been declared in Nyasaland, that the leaders of the African Congress there were being arrested and deported and that troops were firing at and killing Africans.

The whole opposition at once roared into protest and produced the fiercest debate yet seen in this parliament. Mr James Callaghan, who opened it, has a flair for controlled, coldly contemptuous invective which he now used to the full. But this time his speech was interspersed with sudden gusts of passion. Seemingly without recourse to notes, and staring straight into the eyes of Mr Lennox-Boyd, he delivered not merely an indictment of government policy, but also a most moving plea to the government, even at that late hour, to assist the Africans towards the control of their

own destinies and so win their permanent friendship. This was a most effective speech and faced Lennox-Boyd with a considerable problem. He knew that both the Labour opposition and the Liberal party were united against him; but he also knew that there were some waverers on his own side. He had to pull something out of the bag. In these circumstances it was certainly lucky for him that he felt able to reveal that he had information that the Nyasaland African Congress had completed plans for the massacre of Europeans, Asians and moderate Africans and that the declaration of a state of emergency was to prevent the fulfilment of this plan.

The effect of this announcement on his own supporters was immediate. Men who in recent weeks have had to swallow Makarios, Grivas and Colonel Nasser suddenly found themselves at one again with their government and even liberal-minded waverers, picturing scenes of rape, mutilation and murder, plunged headlong back into the fold. All the old cries about trusting the man on the spot, enforcing law and order and protecting life and property rose into the air; and when the vote came, the government side not only voted unanimously, but voted with a degree of exultation which has been missing in recent months.

The effects of Lennox-Boyd's declaration are likely to be as considerable in the country as they were this week in the House. Bournemouth, of course, will be delighted and those Tories who have been abstaining in by-elections or who have swelled the figure of Don't Knows in the Gallup Poll are likely to resume activity. But it may well be that an even larger number of Don't Knows may swing the other way, for more and more people, affiliated to no particular party, are tired in their bones of these continuous and bloody colonial rows and are beginning to ask: shall we never learn?

But what will be the effect if the country as a whole begins to suspect, as the Labour opposition clearly suspected, that Lennox-Boyd was misinformed about the alleged plot to start a 'massacre'? He had produced no evidence – the blood so far shed in Nyasaland has been African blood – and had refused to reveal even the source of his information. Supposing that information should prove to be false or supposing that the 'evidence' which Lennox-Boyd will surely be compelled to produce should seem unsatisfactory? I believe that there would be a wave of indignation great enough to swamp both Lennox-Boyd and the whole government. Let him at once reveal his full story. It had better be good.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Storm and Sunshine

'Whatever else the Russians may have lacked in their talks with Mr Macmillan,' remarked the *Manchester Guardian* on Tuesday, 'they certainly managed to produce a sense of drama.' Indeed they did. One could watch it ebbing and flowing up and down Fleet Street day by day, cascading from the news pages, where drama is anyway familiar, into those quiet corners where leader-writers try to pin history to the page.

By the end of last week most of the leader writers – especially those in Conservative newspapers – were beginning to look more than a little grim and white faced: one expected them to start reciting the poems of Sir Henry Newbolt at any moment. 'Dispirited. Dejected. Rebuffed' began the *Daily Express* leader on Saturday. 'That is the picture of Mr Macmillan painted as his Moscow mission draws to an end. The picture is not one that the British people recognises. . . .' As a seasoned political campaigner, it added bravely, Mr Macmillan 'knows that disappointment is the lot of man'; and from Kiev, its political correspondent, Douglas Clark, advised his readers that Mr Macmillan 'has endured the most distasteful week of his life', and reported that 'he looked like a bloodhound who has lost the scent'. The best the *Daily Telegraph* could find to say was that 'a reconnaisance is not only useful if it produces information that is encouraging. It serves the purpose just as well if it unearths intelligence that is profoundly disturbing'. 'Mr Krushchev knows what he wants,' it concluded, '. . . unless the West is equally clear in its aims and equally forceful in its diplomacy it will find itself cumulatively outmanœuvred.' The *Sunday Times* was no less grim-visaged the following day, 'Rough Waters', it headed its leader, and commented gloomily: 'Many people have already written off Mr Macmillan's visit to Moscow as a failure but . . . it has flushed Soviet policy and intentions into the open'. 'We must,' it concluded, 'be prepared to batten down for rough seas.' 'Gloom at the Top,' said the *Sunday Dispatch*. It pointed out that 'there were many members of the Tory Party who wanted Mr Macmillan to stay at home', but that it would nevertheless 'be a major error to consider his visit a waste of time' since it had demonstrated 'the uselessness of soft diplomatic approaches to Russia'.

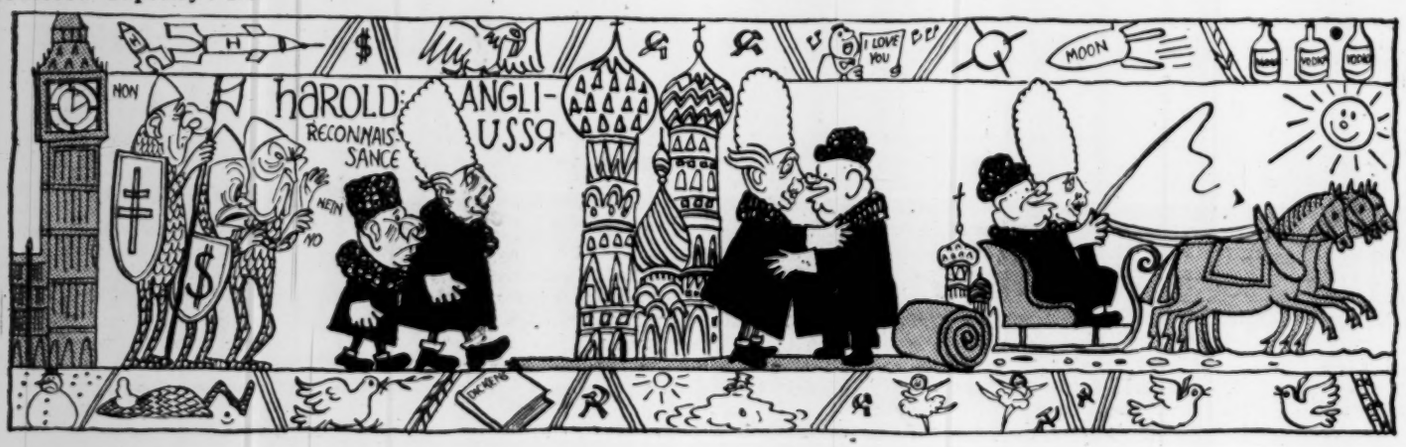
As the new week opened, however, the clouds began to break. By Tuesday the *Mirror* was proclaiming 'Moscow Spring Double. 1) Mr Krushchev Agrees to Foreign Ministers' Meeting. 2) Mr Macmillan Making a Fine Speech on TV'. Somewhat more controlled in its rhapsodies, the *Manchester Guardian* announced a 'Ray of Hope'. While public relief at the Russians' latest change of front must, it declared, 'be tempered by the knowledge that these shock tactics will continue and that the objects of Russian policy remain unaltered'; nevertheless 'the Prime Minister has good reason to be gratified with the results of a journey which apparently produced this change'. 'Welcome Home Sir,' shouted the *Daily Express*, patting Mr Macmillan on the back for an exploration which had found 'a land where the climate is extreme and the people difficult.' As for the *Sketch*, it could scarcely contain itself: 'Mac's Our Man,' shouted its leader. 'Those unpredictable Russians have given him a rough ride. They have fawned upon him, toasted him, insulted him, snubbed him – and finally made a concession. . . . Well done Mac! Britain is proud of you.' 'He went to speak for Britain,' echoed the *Mail*, 'and he has done it superbly well.'

And the conclusion? By Wednesday the Fleet Street barometer had settled somewhere midway between the storm and sunshine that had chased each other across earlier issues. 'It was worth while,' declared the *Telegraph*: 'By refusing to scowl Mr Macmillan has made Mr Krushchev smile.' But it, added quickly 'it would be doing the Prime Minister no service if his tactical success was misinterpreted as a strategic victory'. And, it concluded, 'all that can be usefully said now is that the visit has shown the West how tough and unpredictable Mr Krushchev can be and how it pays to meet his volatile behaviour with calm but confident firmness'. *The Times*, too, decided that it had been 'A Successful Journey.' The greatest value of the recovery from the middle bad patch was, it concluded, that it would enable Mr Macmillan to speak with more authority to our allies. 'With the American Head of State a declining force, the German Chancellor an old, unhappy man, and the French President fully preoccupied with other problems, the responsibility falling on the British Prime Minister to lead the alliance sensibly and yet strongly in the weeks ahead is paramount.' The need, it considered, was 'to keep things on an even keel until such time as a summit meeting takes place'.

'A modified success,' judged the *Mirror*. 'There is nothing tremendous in this. Yet it is a start. What is now required is a follow up. And that must mean, sooner rather than later, A Conference At The Summit.'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Moscow Tapestry : 1959



First Step to the Summit

SINCE Mr Krushchev decided last November to use Berlin as a stick with which to drive the West towards his own solution of the German problem, he has had a good deal of success. An atmosphere of crisis has been skilfully engendered. Now Mr Macmillan has returned from Moscow, his 'reconnaissance' complete: Mr Krushchev is preparing for his talks with the Pankow government on an East German peace treaty; and the foreign ministers' meeting seems assured before 27 May. What, then, is to be its agenda? Certainly the German problem, and Berlin before anything else. This is exactly what Mr Krushchev always intended: by playing his Berlin trump, he played the one card to which the western powers felt vulnerable in Europe.

What then is the reality of the western position in Berlin? It looks awkward on the map and in some ways it is – militarily, politically and geographically. But no more than awkward: it is not in itself particularly dangerous and has indeed for the last ten years proved stable and relatively comfortable. If there is a crisis now, it is because the Russians have deliberately chosen to create one; and they have done this because they calculate that this is the issue on which the western powers, feeling themselves vulnerable, may prove to be soft. If the allies choose to stand firm on their existing rights in Berlin, it seems unlikely that the Russians, who are flexible tacticians and who have complete control over the policies of the East German government, would deliberately choose to precipitate a war. To stand firm and ignore the Russian threats would have been Mr Dulles's inclination, and it cannot be dismissed out of hand. It is at least logical, though it is evidently a policy of extreme brinkmanship. It calls for a very cool head and a very strong – and more difficult – united western will; but given these it would probably be, at least for a time, successful. Moreover, if nothing positive comes of the 'further study' (referred to in the Krushchev-Macmillan communiqué) of a 'limitation of forces and weapons . . . in an agreed area of Europe', it remains the likeliest answer to the Berlin gambit. None the less it is a policy which carries serious and continuous risks; and before the West commits itself completely to the iron logic of Berlin brinkmanship, it is worth considering both the risks and the vital issues involved.

If the western deterrent makes it unlikely that the Russians will choose to force a war over Germany, it is equally true that all through the last ten years the allies could have had a very rough time, in both administering and supplying their sectors, without ever meeting an obstruction which, by itself, could be taken by sane men as a reason for war. As soon as the Russians have concluded their peace treaty with East Germany – and it is clear that Mr Krushchev is intent on going ahead with this – the opportunities for the effective, provocative, continuous teasing of the western allies by the East German authorities, both in Berlin itself and on the supply lines, will enormously increase.

No doubt the Russians would not allow official East German policy to commit itself beyond the limits of Soviet interest; but they evidently set very great store on getting the West out of Berlin and they may well encourage highly provocative actions by subordinate officials to harry and unnerve both West Berliners and the convoys which supply them. It is foolish to pretend that this prospect is not dangerous: at best it is likely to lead to a series of uncomfortable, and perhaps humiliating, tactical setbacks for the West, and it could create a situation in which a single gross blunder by a local military commander might present the western powers with the disastrous choice between capitulation and world war.

It might be necessary to accept all the risks attached to this situation if a vital western interest were at stake. But is it? Few people in this country any longer believe that Berlin can stay as it is for ever: fewer still perhaps feel happy about the nuclear arming of a re-created *Wehrmacht*; and who really thinks that the present highly artificial situation of Germany is desirable or even the best that can be done? The 'vital interests' in Germany on which western policy is now based are, first, that the Nato shield should be maintained strong and ready as a deterrent to Soviet expansion; secondly, that the people of West Berlin should not be handed over to the Communists. The Russians on their side, now that West Germany has been allowed to rearm, seem to regard the division of Germany, and so the full establishment of the Communist East German state, as vitally necessary to their security and that of their satellites. Is there no possibility of a deal which would relieve both sides of the present tensions of Berlin without challenging the vital interests of either?

Clearly there is – so long as the Russians are anxious to reach an agreement and not merely to keep the pot boiling. That of course can be ascertained only by negotiation. But at least it can be said that both sides have appeared to derive benefit from the comparative stability which has prevailed in Europe since Nato and the Warsaw pact faced one another in their respective battle masks; that the Russians are now using Berlin, not to raise some new issue, but to press for the settlement of an old one, which is admittedly outstanding and about which they have convincing historical grounds for feeling very uneasy. It is surely worth bringing them to the conference table to see whether conditions are now ripe for at least a first step towards a final agreement; and this week's communiqué seems to suggest that two of the Summiteers think so too.

What could be the basis of a viable plan for Berlin? Mr Krushchev himself has probably hinted at it: a free city, guaranteed by the UN. Whether this impinged on the vital western interest of not abandoning West Berliners to the Communists would depend entirely on the effectiveness of the guarantee. We believe that if the whole of Berlin, including the present Soviet sector, were to become a free city, electing under UN supervision its own municipal authority, with its own police force responsible solely to that authority; if a small UN force were permanently stationed in the city responsible for its external security; if access to Berlin by road, rail and canal were guaranteed by the UN at all times to all Germans going about their lawful business, then the position of West Berliners would be safeguarded as adequately as possible – and certainly a great deal more so than it is now. In those circumstances, we can see no vital western interest which would be seriously challenged by a withdrawal of western troops from the Berlin enclave and a *de facto* recognition of East Germany.

It might be that, when it came to the point, the Russians would refuse these essential minimum conditions. It is certain that even the *de facto* recognition of East Germany would be a most distasteful pill for the US to swallow. None the less, we believe that both sides would benefit from such an agreement and that it could be the first step towards the sort of *détente* which could lead gradually to disengagement in central Europe – whether on the lines of the Rapacki or the Gaitskell plan. The alternative is the *status quo* – as modified unilaterally by the Russians; and that is likely to be a great deal less stable, and so a great deal less safe, than it has been hitherto.

Somehow the first step must be taken in a direction which meets the convenience of both Russia and the West and sacrifices the vital interest of neither. As Mr Macmillan has rightly said, we must proceed by steps; and bogged down as the Summiteers have so far been, it is the first step which is the most important.

by VICKY

Axioms About Israel

In Jerusalem, the other day, a member of the Knesset said to me: 'So far as the Middle East is concerned, we think that the Tory Party has the right policy, for the wrong reasons, and that the Labour Party has the wrong policy, for the right reasons'. This was a wisecrack, but it was a revealing paradox. From the standpoint of the Israelis, for whom survival is the first axiom of politics, the tough line taken by Britain – in association with the French in 1956 and with the Americans in 1958 – has paid good dividends. Since the Sinai and Suez campaigns, there has been very little trouble on Israel's vulnerable frontiers: the border settlements are now almost free from infiltration and ambush. Israel, moreover, is getting oil and other ship-borne supplies in through Eilat, which offsets Nasser's denial of the Suez Canal to Israel's ships. And, since the interventions in Lebanon and Jordan, and the appearance of an Iraqi government which is at odds with Nasser, the Israelis feel much less anxious about Arab encirclement. All this, they say, is a positive gain which outweighs any disadvantages that follow from their disagreements with the Labour Party.

Yet these disagreements are important, and they could become serious if a Labour government took office in the next year. For Israel cannot be ignored: it is not a small state in Latin America, but the centre of a crisis-torn region – where the conflicting interests of the great as well as the local powers are involved – and one of the contributory causes of that crisis. It is, therefore, necessary for British Socialists to make up their minds about Israel: too many, I fear, have found evasion easier than decision.

I say this frankly because, like the majority of Labour Party members who have had no direct experience of the Middle East, I have shared in this indecision. How was it possible to reconcile an emotional sympathy for Israel, and a keen interest in the attempt to create a genuine social-democracy in the Middle East, with distaste for the Sinai campaign, the collusion with the French and the partnership with the British at Suez? And how could one work out a reasonable policy towards Arab nationalism without aligning oneself against Israel's diplomacy?

Nor is the difficulty of answering such questions the only reason why many on the left have maintained a somewhat embarrassed silence about Israel. Labour opinion has become increasingly pro-Arab since 1956, not from any particular admiration for Nasser or the dissident officers and lawyers of Syria, Jordan and Iraq, but for two distinct and sometimes contradictory motives. The first is the sense that, broadly speaking, Arab nationalists dislike the same people that British Socialists instinctively dislike – British Tories, French imperialists. the Pentagon planners, the oil monopolies, and the corrupt feudal cliques which have run the Arab states since the Ottoman empire collapsed. This identity of dislike, strengthened by French policy in North Africa, has given Arab nationalism a comparatively progressive appearance, and that impression leads, though more doubtfully, to the hope that under new leadership the Arabs will turn to internal reform and a non-committed diplomacy.

The second motive is even less positive. It is simply a desire to get on the right side of Arab nationalism, even if it has many social characteristics which are unacceptable to democratic Socialists. This attitude can be summed up in the American phrase, 'if you can't lick 'em, join 'em', and it follows from the conviction that, short of large-scale and intolerably risky intervention in the Middle East, nothing much can be done to check the Arab movement towards unity and independence – or to protect western oil interests. Better to try and do business with this movement, the argument runs, than resist it and drive the Arabs towards the Soviet camp.

A case can be made for such a policy: it is, indeed, a more moderate version of the Soviet analysis of the Middle East situation. But, unlike the Russians, who can make cold-blooded calculations of their interests, British Socialists do not and cannot take the final step of aligning themselves with the Arabs against Israel. We know that now the state of Israel exists, it must in the last resort be supported, because the moral and human price of its fall would be too great.

I have reflected a good deal on this conflict of sympathy and policy as I have been travelling round Israel, because it is impossible to ignore the dilemmas that it poses when you look across the open frontier in Sinai or, for instance, discuss Labour's policy of a Middle East arms embargo with government officials whose windows are within rifle-shot of Arab Legion posts. Nor is it merely a matter of diplomacy, of preventing open war between hostile neighbours. There is also the unanswered question: What kind of society are the Israelis building on the fringe of the Arab world? Will it ever be viable, able to stand on its feet as a social democracy without subventions from outside capitalist sources? Or will it remain a siege state, a camp for Jewish refugees, dependent upon strategic and economic support from those, like the French, who find it a useful counterweight to the Arabs? Or, as Arabs believe, will it be driven to expand at their expense?

Last week, David Ben-Gurion said that peace with the Arabs will be possible when 'they become democratic and spend money not on buying armaments, but on raising the health and education standards of their people, when they realise that Israel cannot be destroyed, and when world tension lessens'. But these three conditions are not likely to be fulfilled this year, or in any year that we can yet foresee. Meanwhile, one can only assess Israel's chances of creating a stable society on the evidence offered by the first ten years of statehood, in which the assimilation of the immigrants, the provision of industry and housing, the development of the land, and the balancing of an economy which carries both a heavy defence burden and a chronic deficit on its trade balance, have all had to be achieved under conditions of appalling difficulty.

That evidence, despite the unsolved problems that remain, is impressive. It is easy to find fault: there is enough self-criticism and controversy within Israel to indicate the shortcomings. Certainly, sharp class differences have begun to emerge; there seems to be a strong nationalist flavour to much of Israel's form of Socialism; there is considerable difficulty in adjustment between the standards (and attitudes) of immigrants from Europe and those who have come from African and Asian countries; there are complaints that Mapai, as the dominant party, is not above sharp practices designed to win it an absolute majority at the next election, and that the Histadruth, which wields enormous economic power, has become bureaucratic. But one does not have to be an apologist to understand why each of these issues should have emerged, and it would be unfair to imply that the Israelis do nothing about them. I note, simply in passing, that an effort is now being made to devise a new electoral system designed to make majority government possible yet to exclude a Mapai landslide which would swamp the minority parties, and that the Histadruth has just launched two important reforms – a break-up of its top-heavy business management and the admission of Arabs to full membership for the first time.

Yet the astonishing success of Israel, which no criticism can diminish, obscures the real problem. For this success would have been impossible without special support from outside – and no one can be sure such support will continue indefinitely on the scale needed to meet Israel's deficit and provide funds for the capital development that its growing population requires. The special payments from Germany are for a limited time; American money is necessary, but there is no guarantee that it will continue to flow evenly and in large enough bulk to irrigate the parched economy; and aid from other powers is too often a matter of strategic and diplomatic whim.

This, I think, leads one to the second axiom. The more Israel is denied effective economic aid, for fear of antagonising the Arab world, the more difficult it will be for Israel to move beyond the siege state, and the greater will be the tension between Israel and her neighbours. To put it another way: stability is more likely if Israel is strong than if Israel is weak. But, at this point, the argument is complicated by another factor. Apart from old animosities, the Arabs believe that as Israel develops, and as immigration and natural increase build up the country's numbers, internal pressures will drive Israel to economic and territorial expansion; a sophisticated Arab would argue that the country's economy has a built-in distortion which means that the more it develops, the less it can pay its way. That is one reason why Arabs oppose further immigration. It is not merely a matter of military numbers: it is that each immigrant represents a net capital liability, and a further commitment to 'colonialist' interests.

I cannot here rehearse the complicated economic arithmetic of this problem. It is true that, in a period of large-scale immigration, capital must be accumulated and imported. But provided the capital is properly invested, and that its productivity is high, this need will decline through a limited period of adjustment. As I read the figures, they suggest that, in terms of undeveloped mineral and land resources, Israel can support an even larger population on at least the present standard of life – on condition that capital is available during the crucial years. That simply gives emphasis to my second axiom.

Capital, however, will only be available if there is stability in the area. If survival is the first axiom, and intensive development the second, the third – to put it at the minimum – is the recognition of the *status quo*. In the long run, only prolonged co-existence, not war or imposed settlements, can offer any hope of reconciling the Arabs and the Jews. Whatever adjustments the Arabs may make in their own frontiers, which were only carved out for them after the first world war, or in their own social systems, which must inevitably be remodelled to meet modern conditions, they should leave Israel alone if Israel leaves them alone. Those who accept the first two axioms about Israel must accept this as the third, and though there are very great difficulties in translating it into practical terms, it is better to face those difficulties in the search for a coherent policy than to dismiss them with the cynical thought that one can play along with the Arabs because the Israelis will take care of themselves.

Norman MacKenzie

London Diary

It seems not to have occurred to anyone that the reason for Mr Krushchev's sudden change from toothache to honey may have been that Mr Macmillan showed him a possible way of getting his Summit conference. No use for him to ask for a Summit now, with no one effectively to represent the United States. But by the time the Foreign Ministers have finished the American situation may have cleared up. Hence, perhaps – though of course we can never know – Mr Krushchev's acceptance of a Foreign Ministers' preparatory conference. And there was additional reason. Mr Krushchev and Mr Macmillan must both in their hearts have been anxious to avoid the announced crisis of 27 May – a moment of truth when bluff would be too dangerous for either side. So Mr Krushchev agrees to the Foreign Ministers conferring 'for two or three months' . . . with a Summit conference to follow.

* * *

Before Mr Lennox-Boyd discovered that there was a 'conspiracy' in Nyasaland, I received an angry letter from one of the Church of Scotland missionaries in Blantyre. Writing at the end of last week, the Rev. Albert McAdam complained that news reports on the BBC and the South African radio had given a false and 'blatantly provocative' account of incidents affecting the Church of Scotland missions in Livingstonia and Blantyre. At Livingstonia, the missionary in charge, the Rev. Fergus Macpherson, denies 'being stoned by an angry mob and the store at Livingstonia was not burned down, as broadcast on Saturday, 21 February'.

> On the moonlight evening of Monday, 23 February, Blantyre Mission schoolboys were innocently returning from their prep. classes to the boarding dormitories on the other side of the Chileka Road when a volunteer police patrol attacked them with batons. This is true because when the African headmaster arrived on the scene two volunteer policemen began apologising, though later in the investigation they kept quiet. A tear gas shot was fired by one police officer who panicked. The truth is that the police initiated violence and acted irresponsibly throughout. If our boys did ambush the police, as reported locally, why were they not arrested? When the police discovered the old African janitor they rough-handled him in their arrest, charged him with assault, and then released him at midnight. The policeman reported seriously injured in the skirmish was not even detained overnight in the hospital.

Another case for inquiry? Mr McAdam goes on to say that 'police and army attitudes are inciting violence all over the Protectorate'. One immediate means of protesting against what seems to amount to a conspiracy against African progress is to support the meeting called by the Africa Bureau in the Caxton Hall on Monday next, 9 March, at 7.30 p.m. The speakers include Father Huddleston, Jo Grimond and Eirene White.

* * *

The Labour Party's publication of a *Commonwealth Socialist Review* (though as yet only in cyclostyled form) involves a considerable jump ahead in thought. It surveys in cautious terms the problems of each of the Commonwealth areas, but goes some way towards recognising that Labour's attitude to groups struggling for freedom in the colonies is basically different from that of the Tories. I do not only mean that as an alternative government it promises to be more sympathetic to Africans seeking racial equality and self-government; that, of course, is already its avowed policy and its strongest suit in the political battle. The new implication is that it has a direct relation with struggling movements in, for instance, South Africa and the Federation. Aneurin Bevan's introductory passage speaks of the need to 'establish a closer kinship with our Socialist comrades in the rest of the Commonwealth; it is also of equal importance that there should be cross communication', and Mr Gaitskell commits himself to the important statement that 'we have common ties with our fellow Socialist parties in the Commonwealth and with other democratic associations which may one day become Socialist'. This, I take it, must refer primarily to the African National Congress which is now mainly fighting racial and nationalist battles, but which must, as Mr Gaitskell implies, of necessity become increasingly Socialist as the fight develops.

* * *

I wonder whether this time the Home Office really will clear up the smelly controversy about the Casement diaries. John Calder, I understand, proposes before many months have passed to publish in this country *The Black Diaries* – the title given to a new book on Casement published in the US and France. Calder tells me that his book is to be a replica of the American edition which I have in front of me. That is to say, it will contain a new life and appraisal of Casement, the text of his horrifying exposures of the 'red rubber' trade in the Congo and the Putumayo, and a full report of his trial and a summary of the subsequent stages of Irish rebellion. But the kernel of the book is that it contains the first publication in this country of the 1905 and 1910 Casement diaries. If one accepts their authenticity they show that Casement was a practising homosexual. The 1911 diary (a cyclostyled copy of which I read when it was widely circulated in 1956), is not included; it is far more indecent than the two that Calder is publishing. In bringing out the book now Calder and Mr Singleton-Gates are deliberately disregarding past threats under the Official Secrets Act, but it seems hardly possible that the Home Office would now prosecute on this charge. Will Mr Butler follow the pattern of his predecessors and refuse to answer any questions about the diaries? Will he perhaps express regret that they were used to ensure that Casement, who was an Irish patriot, should be hanged as a British traitor? This would seem the only decent course and the only way of doing belated justice to Casement's memory and getting the whole dirty business cleared up.

* * *

What happened to Edward Carpenter and Havelock Ellis may still happen to any writer about sex, morals, and marriage. Dr Winifred de Kok's new edition of the BMA pamphlet *Getting Married*, which is the sensible and down-to-earth kind of thing you would expect from her, has started up the usual battery of poison pens; not, so far, against her, but the sternly moral *Daily Sketch*, for example, reported last Monday a suitably slanted interview with the separated wife of the editor of *Family Doctor*, under whose able surveillance these BMA pamphlets come out. (Next to this high-minded exposure is a large picture of a lady showing her suspenders because it's a fine week-end: you can't miss it.) *The People* last Sunday, selecting a few phrases from a contribution by Dr Eustace Chesser (*Is Chastity Outmoded?*), got Dr Sherwin Bailey of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council to say that it was 'dangerous and tendentious' and 'open to a good deal of misinterpretation'. It's tendentious all right, since it deals humanly with the premarital dilemma of the young; and the misinterpretation is already going on. But read as a whole the Chesser piece is a good moral tract for the times, taking full account of the fact that the modern world (e.g., the Sunday papers) condemns unchastity with every conceivable cliché, while carefully titillating the appetite for it. I was going to say that I hope the pamphlet has a very big sale, but the morality hawks have now seen to that.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Now that a campaign has courageously been started against 'shop nudes', may I draw attention to the Wilmington Giant.

For many years I have wished to ask my aunt to visit our beautiful town but have been deterred from doing so by the knowledge that she would have to pass this stark, staring figure.

Surely it would be possible to fit this disgusting effigy with some kind of Hessian kilt; or, failing this, perhaps a strategically planted row of shrubbery might serve. – Letter in *Eastbourne Herald Chronicle*. (J. Bedford-Turner.)

I am very musical and fell for a girl who sings well but is very plain. On the honeymoon I suddenly looked at her and felt my heart sink. What can I do now? – Letter in *She*. (B. L. Cooper.)

'I've ridden cows all my life', she told me.
'They make a marvellous ride and they're good jumpers: hedges, four-bar gates, the lot. I always wanted to ride one to hounds, but my people wouldn't let me.' – *News Chronicle*. (D. M. Underwood.)

Seaside hotel requires rhinoceros horn, preferably mounted on shield. – Advert in *Lady*. (Helen Macgregor.)

The Pedantocracy

A WEEK ago, leaving Television House in Kingsway, I tripped and fell over a small figure who was bending down to tie up his suede shoes. A bundle of scripts fell out of his overcoat pocket, and whilst I was helping him to pick them up, his beady and querulous eye met mine. It was only afterwards that I remembered where I had last seen him: some ten years ago, bending lovingly over a volume of the *Monumenta Germania Historica* in Parker's bookshop in Oxford. In those days he was, I believe, a humble fellow of an obscure college; since then, evidently, he had graduated to higher spheres.

The incident was not of itself important; but the same afternoon, making my way up the stairs of a famous Fleet Street newspaper, I was brutally thrust aside by a second don, this time large as well as querulous, who was in a hurry, no doubt, to make his deadline. When, I wondered, did these dons do any teaching? What became of their students while they were up in London preaching to the multitudes? Were the undergraduates running wild? Were the proctors being forced to cope with a crime wave in consequence? Last Thursday, I found the answer in the *Daily Express*. An item in its gossip column announced that a Professor Marcus Dick, chairman of a famous television quiz show, had just been elected Senior Proctor.

The academic invasion of the centres of power is not, of course, entirely new. Men who live among books have always cherished secret and envious dreams in which they rule the world from their studies, or, like Professor Moriarty, conduct vast conspiracies to subvert public order. Machiavelli was a don of sorts; so was Hobbes. Academic seclusion seems to breed a passion for institutional tidiness and a contempt for human beings: the seeds of Salazar's police state were sown in the days when he was professor of mathematics at Coimbra. In England, of course, it is not the custom for insurgent generals to invite dons to put their theories into practice; in the past, English dons have been despised and underpaid, forbidden to marry by college statutes, debagged by members of the Bullingdon Club, patronised by wealthy undergraduates, robbed by publishers and bullied by bishops.

They have nevertheless always sought to influence the great. Jowett assiduously cultivated the friendships of his abler students, guided their first faltering steps along the road to public advancement, and in later years reaped the rich harvest of that special pleasure which comes only from being in the confidence of Cabinet ministers. But, being a wise man, he knew where to draw the line. He seldom left his Balliol fortress – well content to exert his influence from his own high table. He was never seen in the Central Lobby furtively drawing aside a powerful member; he never visited Downing Street, let alone Printing House Square; his interest in power was academic.

The rot began during the First World War. For the first time, dons found themselves regarded not as pedants, but as 'experts', and were recruited by the tortuous committees and boards Lloyd George set up to win the war by science. And once they had savoured the atmosphere of Whitehall, the dons never left. They were to be found at Versailles and afterwards at Geneva; for the creation of the League of Nations opened up for them endless vistas of remunerative employment in the long vacations, in the pursuit of vague Utopias which demanded academic expertise. Baldwin was plagued with dons all his life, advising him, bullying him, drafting his memoranda and writing his speeches. Dons visited Hitler. They harried the Treasury. At All Souls they bickered about the fate of nations over their port. They graduated from writing detective stories to the Left Book Club; some of them even purchased typewriters and made a cautious reconnaissance into Fleet Street. Mr Evelyn Waugh, with his customary astuteness, was the first to detect the emergence of the Mass Communications Don in the Thirties, describing him in the person of Mr Samgrass, the All Souls fellow who became 'one of Lord Copper's middle-aged young men'.

At last, with Labour's victory in 1945, the dons began to come out into the open. Some of them even got elected to parliament, and soon began to scramble up the ministerial ladder. Mr Gaitskell rushed in where Jowett feared to tread. As knowledgeable fellows, used to dealing with words and no longer ashamed to see their names in publications read by shopgirls, their services were in increasing demand by the newspapers. As early as 1948, when an undergraduate, I grew accustomed to hear the sound of a typewriter rattling away in my tutor's room when I arrived for a tutorial; I was given a strict hour, no more, no less, and at the end of it, before I had even shut the door, the typewriter was pounding away again, and another article was on its way to the *Daily Breast* or the *Sunday Underwear*. Already, in those far-off days, Oxford hummed with donnish extra-mural activity. Where once they spent their vacations conducting parties of undergraduates to read Horace in Keswick or Chamonix, they now sped off in Super-Constellations on fact-finding missions to Karachi and Accra, drew up five-year plans for Trucial Oman, presided over industrial courts set up to inquire into strikes, or drafted the electoral programmes of political parties.

But it was television which really opened up the Golden Age of the Don. By its very nature, television is the apotheosis of ignorance: its dull, electronic eye mirrors back, down to the smallest detail, the fuzzy thinking and factual vagueness of its uneducated audience. But, as a sort of instinctive moral compensation for this, television demands the Expert. No programme is complete without him. There is, indeed, a staple recipe for every 'serious' programme, whether it be dealing with Unemployment, Birth Control or the After Life. The ingredients are threefold: a *compère*, usually young, telegenic and smelling of hair-oil, who conducts the inquiry with that aggressive knowingness which convinces the viewer that Amalgamated Television is no respecter of persons, and will, whatever the risks, get at the truth; one or more bewildered members of the public, who are not actually allowed to say much, but make comforting Admass noises; and, of course, the Expert, who sprinkles the programme with a thin veneer of synthetic wisdom. We are all familiar with the procedure:

> COMPERE: Well, we've heard Mrs Ada Williams say she *doesn't* believe in the After Life, and we've heard Mr Bill Evans say he *does*. Opinion, it seems, is divided. Now let's hear the view of the Expert. We have with us in the Studio Mr I. B. Monkton-Smith, who is Professor of Moral Astronomy at Coventry University College. Professor Monkton-Smith, as you probably know, has spent most of his life studying the heavens. Well, professor, do *you* believe in the After Life?
>
> PROFESSOR: Let's start by rephrasing the question, shall we? What you really mean, I suppose, is do I believe in Extra-Sensory Phenomena.

The Experts are not always dons, of course, but as a rule they are, for dons invariably possess a convenient label. After all, although a man may have spent a lifetime studying the behaviour of the greater mammals, viewers will not believe this if he does not hold a professorship, or at least a readership, in Zoology (the only alternative is to allow his knowledge to emerge in the course of the programme; but for this there is not, of course, enough time). Indeed, the bull market for dons springs from one of the basic fallacies of our age: the belief that people are divided into experts and members of the general public. No doubt this is itself the consequence of the increasing departmentalism of knowledge; the tendency to deprecate the intelligent layman has been growing for some time. But in television theology it has been carried to its logical conclusion; a member of the public may advance opinions, but only an Expert can discuss facts.

Hence, every day, the belief is encouraged that, on every subject, there is a residue of absolute truth, to which only those who belong to the particular academic trade union have access. The don cannot be wrong, because he holds his union card. Television, in short, is supplying the ideological basis for an academic *coup d'état*. The age of the Pedantocracy is dawning, and we may yet see the day when Mr A. J. P. Taylor joins hands with Sir Roy Harrod to set up a Committee of Public Safety, and when Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper harangues a frenzied mob from the steps of the Ashmolean.

If this happens, our future is indeed gloomy. The last time the dons ruled the world was during the Middle Ages, a period of stagnation and obscurantism, punctuated by wars and persecutions. The Schoolmen settled all questions of fact or speculation by holding ritualistic disputations among themselves, conducted in a language unintelligible to the public. Anyone who attempted to challenge, or even verify, their conclusions was put in prison or burned. Prussian militarism, too, was based on the alliance between the soldiers and the professors; behind the brutalities of Soviet Communism lies the hard arrogance of scholastic categories; South Africa has its Professor Tomlinson, France its Professor Soustelle.

Yet it is just possible that England will escape this, as it has escaped other tyrannies. A fortnight ago, *The Times* was successfully hoaxed by a donnish expert on geology, one Professor Allen of Reading University, who persuaded its reporter that diamonds had been found in the vicinity. A generation ago, this could not have happened: *The Times* would have conducted its own investigation – indeed, it is an index of the growing belief in the doctrine of Donnish Infallibility that Printing House Square was prepared to accept the unsupported word of a don as a basis for an important news story. There was something salutary, however, in the scream of mingled pain and rage to which *The Times* gave vent when it discovered the imposture. 'Until this discreditable affair is cleared up,' it wailed, 'the public will be unable to know whether any future statement coming from Reading University is true or not.' An excellent embargo. But why confine it to Reading? Why not extend the penalty of the doubt to all dons? But I must break off: I am due at Claridges for Professor Trumpington's press-conference.

PAUL JOHNSON

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Arthur Horner

with drawing by VICKY

Report from Tunisia

A special investigation by PAUL JOHNSON

the things they say!

The trouble with the workers is—they don't work hard enough!

Hold on! Some of them are having to work too hard for the results that they achieve.

That's odd, coming from you. *Haven't you made a great thing of Work Study in I.C.I.?*

Yes, we aim to help everyone work more effectively, by studying the jobs they are doing. We try to discover unnecessary drudgery or strain, frustrating time spent waiting for instructions, tools, materials and so on.

You make it sound quite pleasant . . . But what about the old stopwatch?

Well, we use it for measuring time—just as we use weighing machines to measure quantities and rulers to measure lengths. We don't guess a ton of salt for a customer, and we don't guess times when we're dealing with the way the other fellow does his job—it wouldn't be fair.

And it pays?

Would we employ a Work Study staff of 1,400 if it didn't? I can remember when one of our manufacturing Divisions was thinking of spending a million pounds on a new factory, but they were able to postpone it for years, just by making better use of the machines and equipment they already had.

Pity more people don't use Work Study, considering our economic position. Why don't people face the facts?

Well, you can't face the facts unless you have them. That's what Work Study provides. More and more people are learning to face facts each year. And not only I.C.I. people. Already 1,600 leaders of other organisations have come to I.C.I. to hear how we go about this Work Study business—and we in turn are learning from them.

ICI

The Togliatti Line

PALMIRO Togliatti has returned triumphantly from the 21st Congress in Moscow, because he considers that the Congress has endorsed his own version of Communist policy. For the last two years, in spite of the fact that he has been nominally the secretary-general of the Italian CP, Togliatti has in fact been in an ambiguous position. The interviews he gave after the 20th Congress revealed new lines of thought about the development of world Communism (elimination of the function of a 'guide-party', the Italian Way to Socialism, the necessity of structural reforms in the USSR). On these points there was a long public argument between Togliatti, and Roger Garaudy of the French CP, who attended the Eighth Congress of the Italian CP (1956) and was very critical of it, accusing Togliatti of 'revisionism'. A more important argument on the same points took place between Jacques Duclos and Togliatti during the celebrations of the 41st anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution at Moscow in November 1957. Because it was unclear which way the power struggle in the Soviet leadership was going to go, there was a stalemate between the French and Italian parties, both theoretically, and also about the future tactics of Communism in western Europe.

Now, Togliatti believes, the 21st Congress of the CPSU has confirmed, beyond any further doubt, the validity of the 'different roads' to Socialism. The Congress modified to some extent the Moscow Declaration of the Communist parties, made in November 1957, which, although it formally confirmed the theory of national roads to Socialism, nevertheless opened the new attack on Yugoslavia, and implied a 'leading-role' for the USSR. At the 21st Congress, Krushchev went out of his way to insist that the USSR and the CPSU had renounced the respective roles of 'leading-state and 'leading-party'.

The Italian Communists who went to the Congress have noted that Chou En-lai, in open contrast to Krushchev, still insisted, in his speech, on the 'guiding function' of the USSR. The Chinese, they concluded, feel the necessity of more rigidity in their foreign policy because China has not reached the industrial or military level which permits the USSR to follow a policy of detente. And because of their relations with the colonial and ex-colonial countries of Africa and Asia, where the national bourgeoisie usually leads the national liberation movement, the Chinese believe it dangerous to diminish in any way the 'leading role' of the working class. Moreover, the policy of Nehru is to construct Socialism outside the Soviet orbit: India thus presents an alternative road to Socialism, an 'Asian Way' which China needs to combat for her own prestige, because there are elements in China who also believe that Socialism can be constructed outside the Soviet orbit.

On the other hand, the 20th Congress of the CPSU had already insisted on the fact that there was no longer 'one Socialist state' but a 'system of Socialist states' which contained one-third of humanity. In other words, the 20th Congress tried to eliminate the idea of a capitalist encirclement of the USSR. This, as was revealed at the 21st Congress, was at the root of Krushchev's struggle against the 'anti-party' group headed by Molotov. Molotov still insists on the theory of the imperialist encirclement of the USSR; he thus opposed Krushchev's entire foreign policy from the peace treaty with Austria onwards. Krushchev's policy of competitive co-existence is based on four points: the existence of the system of Socialist states, the struggle of the colonial peoples which weakens the imperialist positions, the struggle of the working-class movements inside the capitalist system (including that of the social-democrats), and the internal contradictions of the capitalist system. Molotov believed that Krushchev's diplomacy would lead only to a strategical weakening of the USSR – a view which, in an inverted form, was supported by many French and a minority of Italian Communists, who oppose Krushchev because they cling to the illusion that Socialism will be created by the arrival of the Red Army in the Champs-Elysées or the Piazza San Pietro.

Togliatti was very specific on this point at his first public appearance after his return from Moscow. Speaking, last week, in a packed Roman theatre to an audience of well-dressed Italian Communists, the majority of whom were in their twenties or thirties, he said: 'The worst possible thing for us would be to expect our success to come from their [i.e. Soviet] advances, from their victories. This would be the worst thing not only because it would be a sign of our passivity but also because we must go forward along a new road, our own road of development. . . .'

Togliatti then turned to Italian affairs, answering the question which must have been puzzling a good many in his audience – why the Communists had helped bring about the downfall of Fanfani, when his successor, Antonio Segni, was more to the right. Fanfani, he said, had gone to the country with a left-wing programme but had then carried out a right-wing policy. He had wound up the agrarian reform and had supported the monopolists; he had forced the Saragat social-democrats to renounce their social programme; and Fanfani's condition for a collaboration with Nenni had been that the Nenni Socialists should become social-democrat and anti-Communist.

Nenni and Togliatti made different assessments of the fall of the Fanfani government. Nenni has maintained that Fanfani fell chiefly because of the pressure from the right wing of the Christian Democrats: Togliatti insisted that the chief reason was the economic situation created in the country by the formation of the Common Market and by the pressure of the union agitation. Nenni, moreover, is in favour of new elections, while the Communist attitude is that this would be dangerous because it would give the Italian people the impression that parliamentary democracy was not working in Italy and would tempt the ruling class to try out an Italian version of French Fascism. (At the 21st Congress Krushchev seems to have accepted Togliatti's views on the 'national roads to Fascism' – the title of an article that appeared in *Unità* some time ago.) In spite of serious differences at the top, Nenni is finding it almost impossible to differentiate his practical policy from that of the Communists: Togliatti is not an easy man to out-manœuvre. Nenni has promised Segni his votes for definite measures of social reform; but it is almost certain that, if such a situation arises, the Communists will also give their votes to Segni.

The Italian Communists now believe, after the 21st Congress, that they are now the most important party, not only among the Communists of western Europe, but perhaps of all the capitalist countries. Togliatti's prestige has never been so high since he was secretary, with Dimitrov, of the Comintern. It was significant that at the official banquet in Moscow during the 21st Congress, Togliatti sat on the left of Krushchev while the leading representative of the most important Communist country, Chou En-lai, sat on the other side; and when Krushchev announced the presence of the foreign Communist delegations he named first, in the list of parties not in power, the Italian CP – a position hitherto occupied by the French.

There may now be a practical result: an initiative from the Italian CP for a conference of the Communist parties of western Europe in order to draw up a joint policy to face economic problems, 'national roads to Fascism', and relations with non-Communist workers' parties. If this were to occur, it would be the first international Communist conference in history not called by Moscow.

BRUCE RENTON

Rome.

Oastward

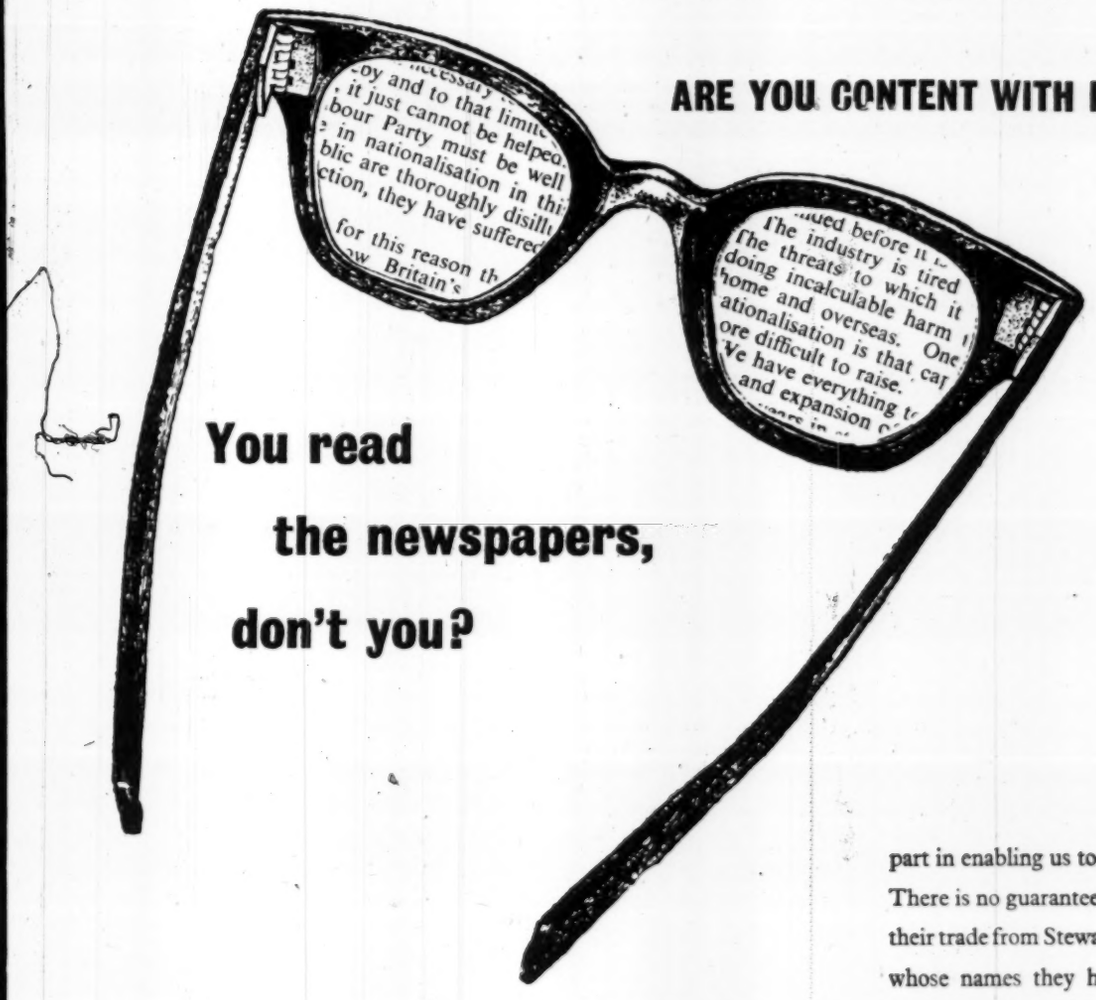
EVER since Oastward returned, none quite knew whence but some said from America where he had gone 57 years ago with his emigrant parents, there have been small differences in Batsey's behaviour. I supposed the two old men were friends as children and, if they had any schooling, had it together.

Some evenings they sit side by side, not in the *Plough*, but drinking its bottled ale in the old forge which Oastward took when he came back, thus restoring a smith to us, re-kindling the cold fire, patching the bellows whose leather had been blue and greasy with mould, and re-animating the two small rooms above. There he lives tended by no woman but, I fancy, with the same niceness about bed and board as he achieves in his stocky person, even in the leather apron of his trade, and with a 14-pound sledge ringing sweet and regular on the ancient anvil, in his brown, broad, gristly hand.

Realisation of change in Batsey came as a surprise whose impact I shall fail to communicate unless you, by now, know the old man as well as I do; or thought I did. It was when Swanson, with the biggest crop of apples for 37 years was taking on all hands to get the fruit timely into gas-store, and the three Bicker brothers, war migrants who had shifted interests from slum gutters to lane hedgerows before their teens, avoided school and literacy and become famous for hard work, were taking £67 a week off Swanson between them. They, but no others, perhaps filled the half-bushel boxes faster than Batsey; and then only because, with youth and strength, they shifted ladders quicker, for all he, not they, was to the manner born.

There was another champion picker, too, in Swanson's orchards, Peter O'Magh by name, a huge, hulking man whose eyes, whether gentle and sad or mad angry, are always animal. He came one year, walking from the north to pick up potatoes, and stayed, and was joined by a Spanish-faced, silent wife and 11 wild-haired children. O'Magh goes to mass on Sundays in the consecrated barn at Sholham where the Irish priest comes for a small flock; and he has twice been before the bench, and once imprisoned, for dangerously violent assaults on his wife, whom he loves and gentles sober, but beats when drunk with the first thing to hand. They say that sooner or later his hand will fall on something heavier than the leg of a broken chair and that one day he'll kill her; which is likely enough.

This man's capacity for work is fabulous. There is, maybe significantly, no English phrase to convey that ferocious assault on a task, more like fighting it than working at it: O'Magh *abat son boulot*. Moreover, despite those eyes of his, the man is no thick Mick. He has a cunning



Obviously you know from what you have seen in the newspapers that there is a threat to re-nationalise the iron and steel industry.

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mind, witness his clever suggestion to Batsey, who, since his numerous progeny are men and women grown, can look for no mercy from our bomb-hungry masters in the matter of tax-relief. His suggestion—I make no attempt to reproduce his vivid accent of speech—was to this effect: that his children being all young and numerous as starlings were a mighty blessing from God to stand between him and the tax-gatherer's sinful, grasping hand, so that even if he could fill more half-bushel boxes with Laxtons and Cox's and Bramleys than all the saints of Ireland could accomplish from night's end to day's end, yet his great earnings would go untaxed. Therefore let Batsey, whose while it wasn't worth, was it now? to pick half what he could compass in a day, attribute some part of his picking to himself, O'Magh, when it came to the tally. Come Friday evenings O'Magh would slip him the money and ask no more than a pint of porter in friendship for the service.

A perfectly sound scheme: that was my thought when Batsey, selling us a few days of his time to help, as usual, with the cider in this apple-vintage year, told me of it while together we strained at the screw of the press. But it was what came next that slackened the muscles of arm on my end of the long tommy-bar: 'As if', the old man said, 'as if I'd stomach going down in Swanson's books as a worse man nor Peter O'Magh!'

Exact figures are impossible to come by, but the price Batsey was thus putting on reputation for skill and working capacity cannot have been less than £1 a week, considering the money good pickers were taking. And it was not as if reputation, was, in this instance, an investment: Batsey was too well known to be as good a man in the 80th as in the first hour of a working week, and that in a man-starved countryside.

I saw the smith's influence in this noble setting of good name above rubies. I am not, of course, claiming that the smith had contrived to plant in Batsey's bosom feelings proper to a man 30 or 40 years younger: sentiments of this unmercenary kind must have been dormant in him, though undetected by me during the ten years we have known each other.

Oastward must be nearly 70. A well-read man, he wears a cloth cap in and out of doors and his speech is mutilated by the fact that he keeps his teeth not in his mouth but in his pocket, putting them into his mouth for each meal and thereafter running them under the tap. We have two pieces of his work in our house, a firescreen and a small pedestal table, both delicately beautiful things which cause uneasiness to such of our urban friends as are of the managerial order. For is this not rural industries stuff, a harking back, a refusal to show confidence in the spirit of laminated resin-bonded plastics? Such admiration as they allow themselves to express is off-hand, for God knows but what any encouragement to talk about the smith and his work might lead to talk of samplers, perhaps, or compost-heaps, instead of the art of Iris Murdoch or Terry-Thomas. A friend who makes television sets in the industrial midlands, looking out over the fields which provide more than half his breakfast, lunch, and dinner said, 'A pity we have to live so crowded when there's all this emptiness doing nowt'. It is by the same token that Oastward is doing nowt. And unwilling to disturb such complacency, I say nothing of the man's history.

He came back to England in 1912 with the hearing of his left ear destroyed and the sight of his left eye impaired by a blow from a policeman's club which laid open his skull. 'We were Wobblies,' he explains, and goes on, 'Not that you've ever heard of them. Socialists, you know; real ones. You don't hear of them now. All that's over and done with.'

'Socialism is?'

'That's right. And I'll tell you for why. It was the Russians taking to it that finished it.'

One must not, perhaps, be too much cast down by the pessimism of old men: they may see universal failure in their personal decline. Yet I confess to some loss of spirits when I hear the frequency with which 'We thought then . . .', 'We used to believe . . .', 'At that time we reckoned . . .' occur in Oastward's talk. For what were these old thoughts, past beliefs, and superannuated reckonings? That men would operate their societies without the degrading motives of profit and power. Above all, it seems that Oastward and his friends thought that working men would soon link hands across frontiers; and oppose an amused contempt to the shrill, frightened, spiteful mouthings and frothings of unwholesomely excited middle-class patriots working up the old and new nationalisms into war-chants and the hysterical stamping of the herd. And that the broad and kindly, but firm, hand of international labour would be stretched forth to silence that nastiness, and to still that fretful, peevish, nervously belligerent gesticulation.

It would be done rather in the manner of a wise adult administering corrective chastisement to a fractious, bad-natured child who has overeaten himself into a screaming fit of temper. Such, if I have understood Oastward's talk, were the ideals of the Wobblies and their European social democratic allies, among whom, unhappily in the event, were Lenin and Trotsky, Bukharin, Lunacharsky and the rest, as shocked, in the first instance, as Oastward himself at the behaviour of the German social democrats in the support they gave the Kaiser and his soldiers, but for whom Russia, holy and horrible old Russia, was soon to prove so much too much.

'For, y'see,' he says, 'it wasn't to be expected, for all we did expect it like we always expected the best in them days, that a land of unschooled, poor, starving men fighting a score of wars at once, civil and foreign as you might say, could make Socialism to rights. The Bolsheviks did what they had to do, they took powers beyond what any Socialist can afford to take, because they had to defeat the enemies and feed the people. A government can take such powers, but it can't give them up, and men in the state of mind of kings and tyrants and principalities and powers can't be Socialists. You can't begin like that and end different. And what they, the Bolsheviks, were and what they did, they went on calling Socialism. And the rest of the world done the same, and said if this is Socialism we don't like it. And you can't blame them. Only, of course, y'see, it wasn't; it wasn't what we had in mind.'

But although the only past Oastward valued has, in his view, had no future, and the present is as evil as ever it was, he still lives by its rules, is still a man to whom everything but the international brotherhood of working men is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. It is for this reason that one's conduct, under his influence, is a shade less base than its common level.

But is not a radical who makes firescreens and pedestal tables, if only because there are no horses left to shoe, a sort of working-class version of the parlour pink, and as such to be ignored? But what he was making in 1914 and for long thereafter was aeroplane engines; he was one of the men who with his hands made our time what it is, although not allowed to make any contribution with his head and heart.

And as he tells me of forging crankshafts between hammer and anvil and finishing them in many days work on a lathe, and remembers how one, for a new 16-cylinder monster engine, took all his time for five months and was dropped by a faulty hoist as they were lifting it out, I am suddenly amazed and enlightened. I had known, of course, but never grasped that crankshafts were once made like horseshoes. It was just as if I had for years supposed that only machines were clever enough to make machines. And when, with difficulty, I communicate the curious state of my mind to Oastward, explain that unknown to me my mind had been attributing God-like powers to machinery, he shows no surprise but nods and says: 'It's like I was saying'. Which apparently means that this too is a manifestation of the state of mind which had been the ruin of Socialism.

'We make something, and in order to worship it we have to forget it's the work of our hands. You can make it out of words like the Christians and the Bolsheviks, or out of metal like the iron-masters, it's all one, it all comes to putting something between ourselves and the only good we can safely put any faith in. There's only one thing in this world we can afford to look up to and that's an individual man with a face and two hands and perhaps a toothache and a pain in the belly; and yearnings the same now as 20,000 years ago and no nearer realisation. And no nearer because every time we make a tool, as it might be these bellows . . .'—he hauls down on the handle and the bellows give a long, groaning sigh—'. . . or it might be one of these Comet Fours, or it might be the holy Catholic Church or the Union of Socialist Republics, or it might be this Atomic Energy, we worship it and think we've done something. But we haven't. You can walk to China or you can go there in a jet aeroplane, you still only get to China.'

His cat comes in and jumps onto the anvil, arching her back and rubbing herself against his arm. Absently, he tickles her behind the ears, and I say: 'You and your Wobblies were trying to make a political machine.'

'The way we saw it, mankind was to be made into a political machine to serve men. The way you're working now, if we aren't all killed first it'll come out with men serving mankind. The wrong way round . . . .'

He sets about scrumpling up newspapers to kindle the forge fire, and carefully piling dry wood over them. I stroke the cat. He turns suddenly to me, a tabloid newspaper in his hand, holding it steady for me to see and read, tapping it with his short, hard finger: 'Here's what I mean'.

The page depicts a new and gigantic jet taking off from Idlewild. Oastward's finger traces the black, rejoicing headlines, stabs at the 200 words of fatuous complacency about giant science and his seven-league boots. 'Here's your idol. And all it is is a tool.' He picks up the long tongs and snaps them at the cat and says: 'No more progress in it than this'. And the cat, knowing that iron, even snapping its jaws, is harmless in kindly hands, sniffs the tongs and turns away to wash her backside with graceful sweeps of her long tongue. Oastward sets a match to the tabloid and stuffs it, flaming, under the kindling.

'We've learnt nothing important since they went hunting and nutting for a living,' he says and, turning from the crackle of new fire: 'It'd be funny if Genesis was true after all, eh? If all this . . .'—he lifts a hammer and lets the seven-pound head fall on the anvil and set our ears ringing and the cat jumping with a snarl of annoyance, by way of symbol for men getting their bread in the sweat of their faces—'was no more than the long curse of God'.

EDWARD HYAMS

"If only I'd known it was on,

You have probably said that at one time or another. Perhaps it was when you read the reviews of Granada's plays, like ALL MY SONS, A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS, GARDEN OF LONELINESS or NO FIXED ABODE; or after one of Granada's special shows like HOMOSEXUALITY AND THE LAW or weekly programmes like SEARCHLIGHT and WE WANT AN ANSWER and entertainment programmes like 'CHELSEA at nine' which have introduced the world's greatest artistes to television.

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GRANADA TV

The Arts and Entertainment

Revolutionary Theatre

It was an admirable idea of the London University Drama Society to put on Mayakovsky's *The Bed Bug*. It demands, the kind of resources in sheer numbers that only a society of this kind can supply and consequently there would be little hope of our seeing it unless this sort of body undertook it. The sad thing about never having had a National Theatre is that most of us are theatrically illiterate. Never having seen a play of this vintage (the Twenties in Russia and Germany) properly done is as if there were no public galleries and we had never looked at a Léger or a Juan Gris; or as if there were no public libraries and we had never read Joyce or Ezra Pound.

Reading the plays of this period is less of a substitute for seeing them than with almost any other. They are the product of a movement, anti-naturalistic, anti-Stanislavsky, which was primarily interested in what the theatre, now lavishly equipped with the latest technical devices, could achieve as an instrument on its own; the script was geared to show that off.

By the time *The Bed Bug* was written the script had, for political reasons chiefly, begun to reassert its primacy, and the great Russian innovating director Meyerhold was already being suspiciously regarded by the authorities as a formalist. But the play is still in the tradition of the -isms (futurism, constructivism, expressionism) and is designed for production by a fully endowed state theatre. Naturally the London University production (by Dmitri Makaroff) could only hope to give us a glimpse of what this might have been like and it was, to be frank, a veiled glimpse, imaginative in conception, but feeble in execution; and, as a natural consequence, too, we are left to concentrate largely on the content.

Even then there is a difficulty. I didn't feel that Mr Dmitri Marakoff's translation was entirely trustworthy: it missed so many points that even I, without any knowledge of Russian, could see were being missed that it must I think have been missing or muzzing many more.

All these qualifications and reservations are necessary only because what the play, even as it was, revealed was extraordinarily interesting. Nothing less than a full-scale satire on certain tendencies in the collective ideal. Very briefly, the play describes how fifty years on in the Brave New World of total communism they excavate a worker from the bad old days of 1929 preserved in a block of ice. The Brave New World is a sort of Hygiene State populated by clean-limbed young puritans chanting party slogans, and freed from the old vices. There is no smoking, no drinking, no sex, no dancing – no fun at all.

In the first act we have seen this worker in, so to speak, his natural state in 1929. He is not idealised. He is lousy, to start with. Then he is marrying into the petty bourgeoisie and earning the contempt of his mates in the dormitory of the hostel for Young Workers for his pretensions. For he is climbing into a frock-coat and getting himself taught to dance. (But the young workers who despise him are gently mocked at, too.) The wedding, which is treated with that gusty kind of farce which the Russians excel at, ends in drunkenness and disaster. The house catches fire; the whole party perish; and it is so cold outside that the water from the firemen's hoses freezes as it falls. Hence the ice and the worker preserved in its deep freeze.

Apart from a splendidly robust opening when the Assembly Hall of the Union seemed to be filled with NEP hucksters crying their wares through the auditorium, the students did less than justice to this first act. It required broad comic acting they couldn't begin to supply. They came more into their own in the second half, which depends a good deal on crowd work and ensembles. The worker from the past, together with his bed bug, is re-animated. And at first he has a disastrous influence on the young puritans. They begin dancing, they discover sex, they drink. Authority is appalled. The very foundations of the Hygiene State are threatened. At a mass meeting it is discovered what has gone wrong. The Zoological director has been guilty of an error that he must publicly recant. He had classified his discovery as a specimen of Homo Sapiens. But obviously it isn't. And it is correctly re-classified as belonging the the genus Suburbanus Vulgaris – a unique specimen. The worker and his bed bug are rounded up and put in a cage in the Zoo. And a grand mass opening of this new exhibit is staged. Deputations of workers from all over the world are there. Youth bands are there. The Party leaders are there. Congratulatory speeches are delivered and the cage is unveiled, revealing the unregenerate worker lying on a couch, smoking, drinking and scratching his back, to the wonder and horror of the New World.

Mayakovsky has a splendid invention to finish the play off. The Director of the Zoo proudly gives a demonstration. At pistol point he brings the exhibit out of its cage, for the important people to see it at close quarters. At first it is cowed. Then suddenly it sees us, the audience, and gives a whoop of recognition. Out there in the auditorium are his allies, real free people. Come and join me in my cage!

I should love to see this last scene played in Moscow where the play, I am told, is now enjoying a very successful revival. All through its length it gives opportunities for satire in all directions. And just what the production emphasises or leaves out depends, I suppose, on what at any moment is unpopular and what at any moment is allowed. (Mr Ossia Trilling, who has seen it recently in Moscow, tells me for instance that now they work in several jibes at the Secret Police.) It is, certainly, a sign of grace that it is now to be seen again in Moscow, for though it is not a strictly ideological piece, it is full of 'dangerous thoughts'. It is the product of an anarchist mind, a free spirit, a lover of the humanness of humanity, a revolutionary artist (as Meyerhold was too) but not an ideologue.

I am glad to have seen this play even badly done. We have almost forgotten that once upon a time the Revolution seemed to be bringing with it a great liberation of the human spirit, an intoxicating era of creative freedom and experiment. It is the tragedy of history that such moments don't – and perhaps can't – last. The puritans, the power-lovers and their henchmen clamp down. And the Mayakovskys shoot themselves and the Meyerholds are thrown out.

T. C. Worsley

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Well-detailed Dane

Hardly subliminal are the techniques by which retailers' names are kept before your eyes at the exhibition of Arne Jacobsen's work at the RIBA – it really looks as if there might be some truth in the story that the coincidence of the exhibition with the pass-the-port scandal over St Catherine's is a well-engineered sales-promotion gimmick. If so, it's a pity it had to happen to Jacobsen, who has one of the dozen or so biggest architectural reputations in Europe, and his designs can sell themselves on their merits.

Just what sort of designer is the disputed architect of the new work for St Catherine's College? Worried Oxonians may at least reassure themselves that, if the blimp-lobby let him build anything at all, it will at least be painstakingly and even brilliantly detailed. For once, in a travelling exhibition of an architect's work, you don't have to take the detailing on trust from over-enlarged photographs, for there are plenty of pieces of Jacobsen's cutlery, furniture, lamps and soft-furnishings to look at as well – indeed, he also designed the complete exhibition display – and all through it you see the immense care he takes over edges, joints and fittings.

The very wide range of design-work undertaken by the office of this 57-year-old Dane is a clue to the kind of architect he is. In spite of some youthful vacillations around 1930, and a deviation into something like Patriotic Picturesque at the end of the war, Jacobsen has been, for most of his career, faithful to the *avant-garde* ideals of his student-years in the Twenties. The design-anything approach, the abstract mechanical elegance of his surfaces, the simple geometries of his buildings, their curious, neutral unassertiveness, their international flavour, all bespeak his Bauhaus inspiration, and – on a man with a little less personality – would have left him, in Peter Smithson's phrase, an All-Round Square.

But Jacobsen is no square; a bulge (in some cases very slight) of personal quality lifts him above routine modernism. Indeed, the effort at anonymity is in some cases so intense and so obsessive that – as with Walter Gropius – it be-

comes an assertion of private personality. To take what is now his most famous and most discussed work, the Town Hall at Rodovre, which is very well illustrated in the exhibition, as a case in point: its form is that of an unrelieved rectangular box, three storeys high and three hundred feet long, entirely covered in curtain-walling as slick and as mechanistic as that of Eero Saarinen's work in America, but rather more fine-drawn in detail. It is exactly the kind of building that municipal fumble-trumpets can't distinguish from a factory – only, factories don't look like this, especially Jacobsen's (there are two in the exhibition for comparison) – and it is exactly the kind of building that make higher echelons of fumble-trumpets shake their heads and mutter sadly about too-willing submission to the tyranny of the machine, sacrificing creative ability to rationalist dogma, and all the rest of it. But compare it with Jacobsen's two earlier town halls, at Sollerod and Aarhus, which do make some concessions to monumentality and that sort of thing, and you see that Rodovre's glass box of sweetness and light, reason and efficiency, has a sharp, if hidden, edge of personal determination that borders on wilfulness.

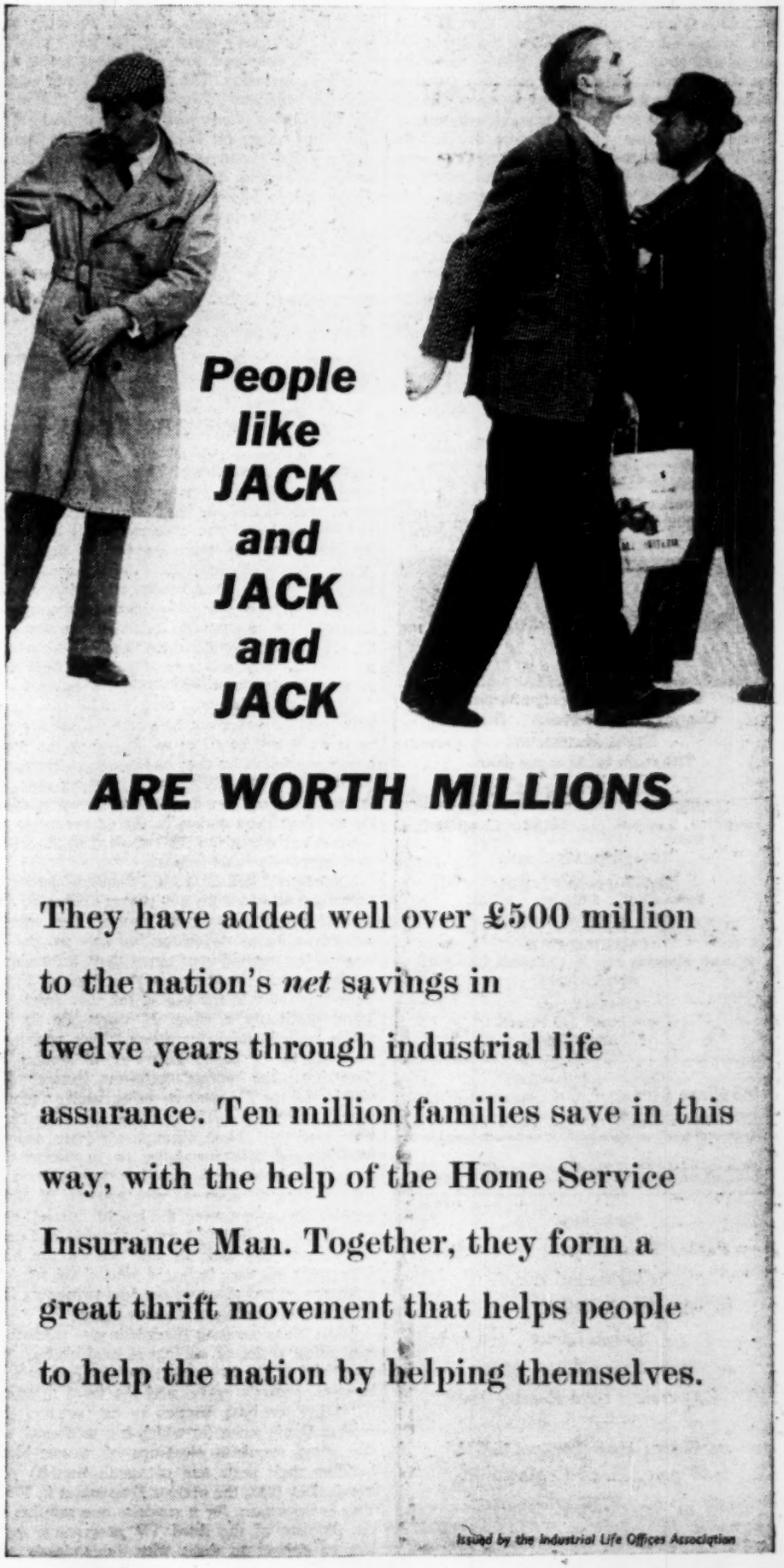
Once this is seen, then Jacobsen begins to add up to a designer whose work exhibits, like Charles Rennie Mackintosh's, degrees of permitted licence: none at all in basic structure, some in detailing, more in movable equipment, and as much as the traffic will bear in purely decorative work like fabric patterns. You may prefer a more obviously personal kind of architecture, but this at least prevents solecisms in public places, and offers some restrained gratifications in private ones. And that is something that even Oxford ought to be able to live with.

REYNER BANHAM

Athenian

A Matter of Dignity (Curzon) is, I should say, Michael Cacoyannis's best film. That is saying a good deal, since his earlier films include *Windfall in Athens* and *The Girl in Black*: the first a charming Clair 'prentice piece, and the second – seen here a year ago – an impressive if overdramatised plunge into island feuds. You may remember the mixed feelings with which one came away from that disastrous end, all drowned children, mourners' lines on the hillside, lovers' partings, one curtain clanging after another. I couldn't help wishing, so quick and sure were the surfaces, that the film had contented itself with being the superficial visit it had started out as. But he must plunge! There is in Cacoyannis a contradiction of talent: on the one hand the brilliant snatcher of atmospheres and anecdotes, on the other the dupe of theatrical climax. This last goads him but, when it comes to the point, lets him down. A bother with ends is revealed again in *A Matter of Dignity*, though not so damagingly as last time.

However, having begun with faults and ends, let's recapture the thrill of beginning. Middle-aged, edgy bridge-players on a terrace, wives for the most part of rich industrialists. But for the hostess, a mask of discretion, to lose is out of the question: bills can't be met. A new bottle of whisky can't be got. Worse impends: the husband arrives home confiding bankruptcy. They have a daughter with a millionaire in tow – their one hope, as the mother thinks, and she gets to work secretly. The daughter being Elli Lambetti (whom from earlier films we passionately await), there's fascination and tragedy ahead. For a long while – and so far the film remains faultless – she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wars with this selling of herself to a bore. But she will do so – with close-up looks of tragedy at her mirror and at us – because she belongs to wealth and the romantic slip from it just isn't possible.

Family embarrassment grows worse while she wavers. Then the servant has to go off – 'deserting' them – to look after her child who has had an accident. Characteristically they 'forget' to send her money; their selfishness strikes back when she returns, threatens scandal, and in a struggle dies of heart-failure (prepared for). So far, so admirable: this is tragedy, with the irony inseparable from socialite means. But the long, teasing, intimate probe of family collapse is now transformed to melodrama: the servant's collapse is registered in an endlessly-posed shot from above, and thereafter we are in for a whirl of drama which will leave things only half-resolved; between smiling and tears, Lambetti will have taken the servant's child to a local Lourdes, the child – dumb from its accident – will have cried 'mummy', wealth will have reached its change of heart. . . .

But let me make it quite plain that the film has done so well – with Cacoyannis's own script and Walter Lassally's camera – that disappointment here is far outweighed by the other nine-tenths that comes surging back. Elli Lambetti is an experience in herself – young, classical, neurotic; and here she gets every opportunity of spoilt playfulness, grief, contempt, love on various levels, and ultimate conversion. The restaurant scene where, with her millionaire (Nasser's younger brother?), she lights her cigarette with a banknote and bursts into tears verges on Dostoevsky. Faulty though in the end *A Matter of Dignity* may be it should and must be seen. And next time we expect from Cacoyannis and Lambetti a masterpiece, no less.

From British farce we expect a little better than *Too Many Crooks* (Marble Arch Odeon), Mario Zampi's effort to make fun from a gang masquerading as undertakers, and a great deal more than from *Carry On, Nurse* (Carlton) in which stale farce and crudely anatomical jokes make life in a public ward ghastly.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

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Conway Hall 7 March 11 a.m.
DENIS MATTHEWS
Tickets 2s 6d, 5s at the door

PUBLIC MEETINGS

LLANGEFNI Town Hall 2.30 p.m. 7 March
BANGOR Twrgwyn Chapel Vestry 6 p.m.
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT

SAFFRON WALDEN
Town Hall 8 March 8 p.m.
REV. MICHAEL SCOTT

CHELMSFORD
Friends Meeting House 10 March 7.30 p.m.
ANNE CLARK

LIMEHOUSE
Town Hall 12 March
MERVYN JONES

Further Particulars from
143 Fleet Street, E.C.4 FLEet Street 4175

Central Africa's Crisis

SPEAKERS:

Father Trevor Huddleston, C.R.
Jo Grimond, M.P.
Dr. B. Chidzero
Ralph Ibbott
Mrs. Eirene White, M.P.
Chairman: Lord Hemingford

at Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1.
7.30 p.m., Monday, March 9th.

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Of Eels and Men

SIGNING the visitors' book of the marine research vessel *Xarifa*, the grave Maldivian potentate wrote that he and his friends had seen wonders such as they had not dreamed could be. They had been watching television for the first time, having never seen even a silent movie – thus jumping a step or two in mechanical knowledge, rather like a 30-year-old American whom I once met on his first train journey (he owned a Cadillac and an aircraft), or like African tribesmen who look up from the forced labour of building their first road to see the daily BOAC flight overhead.

The Maldivians were even luckier than they knew, and they were paying a compliment to their hosts on behalf of all of us, including the most expert zoologists; for they had just seen, by means of an underwater TV camera weighing only 10 lb, the discovery of a hitherto unknown species. Or so Hans Hass claims in the telerecording of the incident which the BBC showed in its children's programme last Sunday.

Sometimes I find Herr Hass's habit of earnestly explaining all about his equipment (including the inevitable running-out of film at the crucial moment) a bit too laborious, but here the knowledge of the method used to get these astonishing pictures enhanced their dramatic quality. First, some tiny holes in the bed of the sea: from the holes, cautiously, a troop of worm-like forms, which waved sinuously upwards yet remained anchored to the holes. Throw down a scrap of dead clam: the 'worms' withdraw, instantly invisible. But the TV camera – being, unlike a movie camera, soundless – did not worry them when they were used to it. Next, through a pipette, a drug was injected into the holes to intoxicate the creatures. It worked: they left their holes and roamed abroad: soon (as also happens in comparable circumstances to the human species) one was caught: he had well-developed eyes and decorative markings such as you find on the best art-pottery. He was, in fact, a kind of eel, new to science, who had given up the free-swimming life of the sea to live like a common polyp.

Both *Adventure with Hans Hass* and that other fascinating series of zoological exploration, Armand and Michaela Denis, *On Safari*, are now to be seen regularly again – and the word to stress is 'again', for both happen to be repeats: the present Denis series (in which last week-end, we saw some exquisite close-ups of weaver-birds building their nests and of scarab beetles) was televised in 1957, the present Hass series in 1958. This is important, for it suggests one solution of the problem of the third TV programme (and also an answer to those who thoughtlessly say that television criticism is useless because 'you never see it again'). As Charles Hobson rightly said in the House of Commons last week, there is a strong risk that, as things are – and especially if it were allocated to the commercial interests – a third programme would be packed with more and more trash; and the demands of the existing programmes are already almost insatiable. But there have been, over the years, a number of good individual programmes and series which I for one either have not seen or would like to see again. I saw *The Saint of Bleecker Street* twice, and enjoyed it more the second time; I should like to see the BBC's *Othello* again, and Granada's *Death of a Salesman;* I have seen some of these nature films more than once, without finding them half so boring as a machine-made American thriller or domestic comedy at its first showing; I have seen the plumbing disaster in *Tales of Popeye* at least three times. . . . While, of course, constantly encouraging original new work, neither the BBC nor the companies should be shy of re-showing good old material to what is, after all, substantially a new audience each time.

The Hass programme was one of the few BBC programmes last Sunday that were not concerned in some way with Wales. It was, indeed, St David's Day; but, devoted as the Welsh no doubt are to their patron saint, more of the Scots, surely – and more of the English – care as deeply for Robert Burns; and the recent Burns bicentenary was not celebrated on the national network with anything like this intensity. Besides the usual lunchtime programme in Welsh (*why* won't they let us have English captions, at least?), there was an ambitious concert, with contributions by the Pontardulais Choral Society, the Gentlemen Songsters, and the Ding Dong Belles (healthy but roguish), and some operatic seashanties, the seamen all being obvious actors who kept on stopping work to harmonise with Skipper Geraint Evans in what were originally, after all, work-songs. During this entertainment, at 3.50 p.m., the compère observed (of a pretty enough song in Welsh): 'For the *very few* viewers who can't understand Welsh, Pamela's going to sing it again in English'. What he meant I don't know, but I fear it may have been literally true, even though the opposition were showing only a corny old film. Then there was an all-Welsh, indeed all-Thomas, *Brains Trust*, the most refreshingly uninhibited member of which was Gwyn Thomas. No Englishman could say of his countrymen as he did of the Welsh: 'We have qualities of vision which are very rare'. And he rattled off such fetching epigrams as: 'When an English government is unable to face the truth, it calls in a Welshman to ignore it'. Finally, *Sunday-night Theatre* gave us, in *A Father and His Son*, a horrific picture of a Welsh family devastated by ingrowing Calvinism. Watching such plays, one always feels like crying, 'Why the hell do they put up with it?'; but, of course, a lot of people do, and if they didn't, and hadn't, we should lose much of Ibsen. This play, by John Gwilym Jones, was done in the BBC's Welsh studio (with an appropriately ghastly interior set), and very well acted by Clifford Evans, Hugh David, Dudy Nimmo and others. The mysterious Onlooker (seen only from the back of his neck), who gave a commentary as sententious as that of any Greek chorus ('Some are lucky, some unlucky', or similar words), seemed to me a quasi-highbrow gimmick that added nothing.

British television gave only a brief glimpse (in ITN) of the Dave Lambert trio (here for only two nights for Canon Collins's jazz concert): they would have been naturals for *Chelsea at Nine*. To hear them for the first time is a peak-

in-Darien experience: the sounds that they emit are as far beyond mere singing, as far removed from those made by ordinary jazz or pop 'vocalists', as the sounds of Hopkins are from those of Rose Fyleman. One of them is the celebrated jazz-poet, Jon Hendricks; his art overlaps with that of Christopher Logue, who now reads his poems with the music of the Tony Kinsey Quintet – the words being not so much 'accompanied', or 'set to music', as part of one whole. This experiment was seen briefly in a recent edition of ITV's *Focus on Youth* and can be heard in the Third this Sunday.

TOM DRIBERG

Two Exciting Works

I HAVE found it a sensible rule never to write about a considerable new work without hearing it at least two or three times, whether in rehearsal or by means of a private tape-recording. This second advantage is automatic if the piece is broadcast, but much less certain if the players have to be consulted, as they naturally must in the case of a concert performance. To cut a sad story short, I was unable either to attend rehearsals or to make a tape, with the result that the following notes are based on the insubstantial evidence of a single hearing, backed to some extent by a rapid glance at the scores. The programme at the Wigmore Hall was one of the best the Institute of Contemporary Arts has given us: well balanced, boldly chosen and executed on the whole with precision and vitality by the Virtuoso Ensemble under Walter Goehr. The two works which came off least well were the Webern songs Op. 18 for soprano, E flat clarinet and guitar, and Elisabeth Lutyens's *Tempi*, which could have done with more rehearsal. The Webern songs are appallingly difficult; and I think they would have gained from being heard directly after some other work of his that was less bright and extreme, such as the wonderful songs of Op. 15.

Meanwhile the two novelties on the programme were both of undoubted distinction. Elisabeth Lutyens's *Six Tempi for Ten Instruments* is a work which has to be met half-way. Though contrast is one of its principal aims, its methods are those of genuine chamber music. The textures are clear and intimate without a single tutti from beginning to end. The rhythms are varied but unassertive. The dynamics are for the most part gentle, with four of the movements beginning quietly and all but one dying away at the end in a long-held *ppp*. But I think the charm of the music lies above all in its harmonic invention and in a quality of sound which comes not only from knowing what will work and what won't, but from a more positive insight into the secret character of each instrument. As I said, the performance was no more than moderate. It is delicate music which needs a firm rhythmic group, especially where, as in the first movement, there is a continual up and down of dynamics, and the instruments take over from one another in rapid succession and have to catch the dynamic curve at exactly the right point. The continuity is there but it is a work which the players need to know inside out.

Alexander Goehr's cantata, *The Deluge*, made a very strong impression. Apart from the beginning and the end and a few other fine passages, the instrumental writing seemed of minor interest at a first hearing. The strength of the work lies in its treatment of the two vocal parts, which is profoundly original and at times of quite shattering power. The technique of leaving verbal phrases hanging in mid-air in order to strike home with two images instead of one is daringly conceived; and the composer shows an almost infallible instinct for the single melodic gesture or else the doubling or opposition or interweaving of the two voices that will best suit the words. Moreover, he has written vocal parts that are grateful and exciting to sing. These are only, as I explained, the merest jottings; but I want to express my enthusiasm for a work of unmistakable talent. The performance, with Dorothy Dorow and Rosemary Phillips as soloists, was first-class.

WILLIAM GLOCK

Correspondence

THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

SIR,—I think it is necessary to be clear that calculations about size of schools, and sixth forms, have been based on ideas about children's abilities which have now been exploded – and, too, to put the question of Secondary school organisation in its general setting.

If we are to keep up with other countries we must begin to plan for a higher education for 20 per cent. of the population. Up to now only this proportion has had a systematic Secondary education while a mere 4½ per cent. go to universities. If it were true (as Mr Rée believes it to be) that the remaining 80 per cent. of British children are unfit to profit even from a full secondary schooling, then we might as well give up now. Happily it is quite untrue, as many of us have argued since 1943; now Comprehensive, Bilateral, Modern schools have provided the proof and even a conservative government has been forced to abandon the tripartite scheme.

Meanwhile enforcement of this for the past fourteen or more years has been against the national interest and is one of the causes of the present shortages of teachers and other trained personnel. It is, therefore, very fortunate that, in response to popular pressure and in the teeth of obstruction from the Ministry of Education, many local authorities have extended courses in modern schools, established Comprehensive schools and introduced other measures designed to widen opportunities and raise educational standards all round.

As a result 52.8 per cent. of children in Croydon are now in sixth forms. In the experimental area in Leicestershire 35 per cent. to 50 per cent. are opting for Grammar school, i.e., guaranteeing to stay in school until at least 16. In London Comprehensive schools 80 per cent. are remaining beyond the leaving age. In Bournemouth 45 per cent, of 11-year-olds have embarked on GCE courses this year; the majority, 27 per cent., in Modern schools, only 18 per cent. in Grammar schools. In Wales, of course, an average of 30 per cent. have a Grammar education, many in small Bilateral schools with a Comprehensive intake, as against less than 20 per cent. in England; whereas Mr Rée would infer a disastrous lowering of standards, in fact proportionately more also go to training college and university. Were it not for the bonus of teachers from this source, our schools would be even more understaffed than they are. Clearly more steps in this direction are urgently necessary.

It is in this situation that Mr Rée reiterates the old argument, first put by the Ministry in Circular 144 (1947), that a Secondary school taking in all children will inevitably have only 20 per cent. capable of taking GCE, of whom only 10 per cent. are likely to remain beyond 16. On these assumptions, in order to have a large enough sixth form, it is necessary to plan for a school of over 1,500. The sum is even set out in the circular, as follows (assuming a general leaving age of 16):

Age groups	*Annual entry*	*Total*
11-16	330	1,650
16-18	33 (estimate)	66
		1,716

The underlying assumptions having been proved utterly wrong, these figures are worthless. With a potential 50 per cent. of pupils passing into sixth forms, a school of 500 is more than adequate to provide a sixth form of the size required.

Here it should be noted that the government has now expressly rejected the idea that Comprehensive schools should be large (though it is admitted that such schools have made a promising start) and expressed belief in the smaller school. Thus at Gillingham, Dorset, the authority has been permitted to amalgamate a small and uneconomic Grammar school with a similar Modern school to make a Comprehensive school of 650 pupils; opening this in January, Sir Edward Boyle said the government could not object to such a step when it extended educational opportunity. Presumably other authorities will take the hint for there are many uneconomic Grammar schools with inadequate sixth forms, up and down the country which they have hitherto been forbidden to extend or absorb; it will also be possible to revive the many plans for 5-form and 7-form entry Comprehensive schools, previously vetoed by the Ministry as too small.

What is the alternative to the formation of Comprehensive schools in this or other ways? The government is committed to raising the status of Modern schools and Mr Rée, too, wishes them well in emulating the standards of his own school. But surely he does not expect this to be done with pupils who are his rejects (the dull 80 per cent.!) and with, by comparison with his school, less graduate teachers and less special allowances, with larger classes but less books, apparatus, laboratories, laboratory assistants, secretaries – not to mention, in many cases, sub-standard buildings?

To the ordinary fair-minded person it would seem that, having praised their efforts and successes, Mr Rée should be demanding that Modern schools have their fair share of pupils, teachers, funds to help them on their way. But this, of course, he cannot do; for his determination to keep the privileged Grammar school forces him, despite all the fine words behind

Three of the many rave reviews for

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BARBARA COMYNS

"It's the best thing of that exquisite kind since David Garnett wrote 'Lady into Fox' . . . it is pregnant with some kind of magic stuff that held one tighter than a handcuff."
ENID BAGNOLD

"a triumph, a walk-over win, a novel so original in its vision and beautifully exact in its writing, that I am lost in admiration. . ."
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The Scorpion Field

J. L. NUSSER

HEINEMANN

which the intention is hidden, to demand continuation of the underprivileged modern school which is its complement. This, in sum, is all that opposition to the Comprehensive principle really means.

May I add that the Conservative government is concerned to keep the Grammar schools mainly as a bulwark to protect the Public schools. Does Mr Rée really think it is in the interests of the nation and its educational system that he should act in this capacity?

JOAN SIMON

Leicester

SIR,—Mr Harry Rée falls into the (alas) common error of writing about the Comprehensive as though all such schools are formed in one mould. In so doing he gives the impression that certain features which he has gleaned, admittedly at second-hand, are common and peculiar to Comprehensive schools, and this is very far from the truth.

It is really too farcical to suggest that, for example, the London County Council object to Grammar schools because 'they take a boy from a working-class home and educate him up to university standard, etc.' Indeed, and here, unlike Mr Rée, I speak from personal experience: one of the main reasons why London has set up a system of Comprehensive schools is to open up this possibility to both boys and girls who, under any other system, would be denied this chance. It is relevant to state that I have in my school at the moment 30 boys who are studying 'A' level subjects, all of whom were unsuccessful in gaining Grammar school places at 11-plus.

It is evident that Mr Rée and I differ fundamentally in our ideas of the prime importance of the duties of a teacher. As I see it, the first task of a teacher is to teach his boys and, in so doing, to teach his subject. For this reason the care and thought which we give to the planning of courses for individual pupils and the time we spend in looking after their welfare is certainly not 'time wasted', nor is it resented by the staff. Indeed, our academic successes flow from this very effort.

Of course, in a larger and more diverse organisation the problems are wider but, knowing Mr Rée as I do, I cannot believe that the equivalent amount of thought is not forthcoming in his school!

Moreover, it is wrong to suggest that in the Comprehensive school the staff cannot be 'welded into one compact group'. This, surely, is a problem which is solved (or not solved!) by the personal relationship between a head and his staff and is by no means confined to a Comprehensive school.

Perhaps the most interesting and important point that Mr Rée makes in his article is that the heads 'claim for their schools' activities and advantages such as are found in any good school'. Precisely, Mr Rée—for this is what Comprehensive schools are; our claim is that we spread these activities and give these advantages to a wider range of the pupils in our schools!

A. E. HOWARD

Forest Hill School
Dacres Road, SE23

SIR,—I would like to point out the main fallacy in the article in your issue of 21 February by the headmistress of Woodberry Down Comprehensive School. She states that her school has excellent equipment and accommodation, equal to those of the best Grammar schools, and that the majority of her staff are university graduates and others have appropriate specialist qualifications. Obviously, here is the reason for the success she claims for the school: the fact of its being Comprehensive is irrelevant.

If Comprehensive schools were established everywhere, her staff would not be mostly university graduates, unless her school was specially favoured, for non-graduate secondary teachers throughout the country greatly outnumber the graduates. A parallel argument could apply to buildings and equipment.

The sensible solution is not to level down the Grammar schools by spreading the highly qualified staff and good accommodation thinly, but to obtain more of both for the Secondary Modern schools: in which case the Comprehensive system becomes unnecessary.

T. POTTS

68 Welsh Row
Nantwich

VOTERS' VETO

SIR,—As the original architects of the 'Voters' Veto', we feel we have a right to reply to Benn Levy's letter.

The fact seems to have been overlooked now that at its inception the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament stood solidly as a breakaway from traditional thought on defence policy, and this, of course, included opposition to the official attitude of the Labour Party. This led logically to two courses of action: to infiltrate political parties, affecting them by large-scale rank-and-file pressure or to exert pressure on them from the outside by means of a mass movement. Initially the CND took the second course, but now that its leaders realise that this leads logically to a refusal to vote for the LP's policies, they are having recourse to the first strategy. We, however, prefer to remain faithful to the original precepts, whilst Mr Levy and his friends are led by their allegiance to the Labour Party to subordinate the prior claim of nuclear disarmament to a desire to see that party returned to promote Socialism.

Mr Levy's letter stands or falls by the assumption that the operation of 'Voters' Veto' would result in the return of the Tories at the next election. This is quite wrong. What we and our friends are working for is the return of a 'reformed' Labour Party, and we hope that our efforts will have the effect of changing the policy and declared intentions of the party's candidates. Mr Levy thinks this is fanciful: he is a member of the Executive of the Campaign, yet he cannot have much faith in the possibility of people being converted to that Campaign! It is vitally necessary that the LP's policy should be altered before it is committed to it in office; before France and other nations start to manufacture nuclear weapons; and because we cannot wait for another general election before things are changed. The unfortunate result of having an executive committee all carrying a brief for the LP is that any attempt to change the party's policy (except 'from the inside') is interpreted as a threat to 'alienate our Labour Party supporters'. It is, in fact, impossible to talk about the alienation of this group, including the famous 'about 70' MPs, since the initial position of the Campaign has created all the alienation possible.

Does the Campaign want to meet the fate of other movements of this sort because it refuses to follow up the logical conclusions of its policy? It seems to us that its leaders want the Campaign to be both *for* and *against* the Labour Party. For our part, we think it will never be won whilst it remains a satellite of that body.

MICHAEL H. CRAFT
WILLIAM G. CRAMPTON

London Students' Campaign
for Nuclear Disarmament
77d Southwark Bridge Rd, SE1

KENYA CAMPS AND PRISONS

SIR,—Many vain requests have been made for an independent inquiry into the administration of the camps and prisons in Kenya. We have heard the sauve, unsatisfactory and often contradictory replies which Mr Lennox-Boyd has made to the recurring allegations of continuing brutality which have aroused widespread concern in Britain. But at last the Colonial Office has made a statement with which we agree!

From Aldermaston
Good Friday

ATOMIC WEAPON Research Station — Aldermaston
Overnight Stay at — READING
Overnight Stay at — SLOUGH
Overnight Stay at — CHISWICK
LONDON — Hyde Park

Friday, 27th March
Start 12 noon

Sat, 28th March
Start 9.15 a.m.

Sunday, 29th March
Start 9.45 a.m.

Monday, 30th March
Start 9.45 a.m.

Arrive
approx. 3.30 p.m.

join the protest march

further details from the
Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
143 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

To London
Easter Monday

Replying to the Labour motion asking for an impartial inquiry into prisons and camps in Kenya, on Tuesday, 24 February, in the House of Commons, Mr Julian Amery, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, said 'such an inquiry could only shake public confidence in the government of Kenya'. How right he was!

EILEEN FLETCHER

Clandon Road, Guildford

AFRICA SOUTH

SIR,—After your sympathetic account of the fortunes of *Africa South* in last week's issue, readers may like to know that the magazine is available in this country and the United States. Inquiries should be addressed to me, or to Mrs M. Singer, 320 West 87th St, New York City.

ROSALYNDE AINSLIE

31a John Adam St, WC2

THE TRUTH ABOUT MAYAKOVSKY

SIR,—It is not surprising that letters from Mayakovsky to Trotsky should form an important part of the book which Mr Karol discusses—though the relations between 'the most talented poet of this epoch' and 'the arch-enemy of the people', as Stalin called these two, will certainly give a thought-provoking jolt to many a reader in the Soviet Union. Trotsky took a keen interest in Mayakovsky's work, of which he was a stern, though friendly, critic.

In *Literature and Revolution* (English edition 1925, reprinted 1957), the many-sided War Commissar devotes several pages to Mayakovsky, in whom he recognises 'an enormous talent. He has the capacity of turning things, which we have seen many times, around in such a way that they seem new'. He blames the poet for 'shouting' too loud and too often, losing all sense of proportion; in Trotsky's view, *A Cloud in Trousers*, which is a poem of unrequited love, was far better than any of Mayakovsky's 'political' efforts.

In general, contrary to what is widely supposed, Trotsky was out of sympathy with the ultra-modern in art, though appreciative of the sincerity of its practitioners, and opposed to any suppression of their work. Of Mayakovsky's group, *Lef*, he writes in *Literature and Revolution* that they raise significant problems but unfortunately treat them in a spirit of Utopian sectavanism, 'even when they work out correctly the general trend of development in the field of art or life, the theorists of *Lef* anticipate history and contrast their scheme or their prescription with that which is. They thus have no bridge to the future. They remind one of anarchists who anticipate the absence of government in the future. . . .'

BRIAN PEARCE

15 St Michael's Close, N12

MENTAL ILLNESS

SIR,—Miss Cecil's experience is extremely important and by no means unique. There can be little doubt that psychiatry is looked upon as an extremely backward branch of medicine. Frequently a physician or surgeon will mock a psychiatrist's report mercilessly and a patient who confesses to having been treated for 'Nerves' is often damned before another word is uttered.

There are, I believe, two main reasons for the unsatisfactory status of psychiatry in modern medical practice. Firstly, it must be admitted that much of psychiatric medicine is scientifically unverified and indeed unverifiable. I took a degree course in psychology in the middle of my medical studies. It was a fascinating experience. Whilst the average experimental psychologist was almost obsessional in his search for empirical validation of his theories, applied clinical psychology seemed to be curiously barren of any agreed body of facts to decide between the extreme variety of conflicting hypotheses and assertions. There can be little doubt that some of the strictures upon psychiatry are justified. The solution lies in more investment in psychopathological research. The paltry £110,000 devoted by the Medical Research Council is a sad reflection upon the short-sightedness of those who direct national policy on these matters.

Secondly, it is regrettable that the selection and training of medical students tends to ensure that genuine insight into the patient's needs is minimised. The ideals and values in the average medical school are portrayed remarkably accurately in Mr Richard Gordon's books. Whilst no doubt very amusing when considered in isolation, the social consequences of outlooks such as these are quite appalling. Those who came down from their preclinical at Oxbridge feeling that they were entering a responsible and worth-while profession are soon disillusioned. The emotional and intellectual immaturity which finds expression in the perpetual exchange of obscenities and in drinking in the bar until one vomits is perhaps all right for those who will subsequently disappear into the business world, but it is rather less satisfactory for those who, in a year or so, will be seeking to alleviate mental as well as physical suffering. No doubt Miss Cecil's unsympathetic GPs were once some of the 'boys'. Who can be surprised that the public relations of the medical profession are so abysmal? At present, it is the best students who enter pure science and the worst who enter medicine, despite the fact that the latter demands the greatest all-round ability. Whilst this situation exists, there can be no really adequate assault upon the problem of mental disorder. A change must occur soon, if only for the sake of those millions—and the figure really is millions—who will share Miss Cecil's unfortunate predicament.

J. D. SWALES

117 St George's Square, SW1

PRE-RELEASE LEAVE

SIR,—I am very glad that Critic called attention to the scheme for pre-release leave to selected prisoners; for indeed it is a matter that deserves the widest publicity.

Having been drawn into the scheme by an Assistant Governor of one of our large prisons and having myself given hospitality to one of these men on leave, I have come to realize not only that it is a privilege to be able to share in this work but also a duty. It is, in fact, a really constructive job to draw these crushed, discouraged and often friendless and hopeless individuals back into useful living again; to help to restore lost self-confidence and self respect in order that they may again contribute to the life of the community.

When they cannot return to their families or friends the entry into someone else's normal home life can be the first step towards rehabilitation. I should add that although leave is available to all, unless a man has a home to go to, either his own or as a guest, the leave is not granted. And so these men are further debarred from making the necessary inquiries about employment before they are thrown on the world again.

Many of us can offer the necessary week's hospitality, and I ask any readers who are interested to write to me in order that I may put them into touch with those who can make use of any offers of help.

LEONORA LOCKHART

4 Clarence Lodge
Englefield Green, Surrey

GUILD SOCIALISM

SIR,—In my research into the origins and impacts of Guild Socialism, I have read with considerable pleasure the views of the late G. D. H. Cole. I am specifically interested in the influence of Guild Socialism on similar movements of workers control in other parts of the world—a field so broad that I should like to obtain additional background material on this subject.

I would ask any of your readers who may have access to letters and articles on this theme to get in touch with me. All material forwarded will be returned to the sender.

VLADIMIR DEDIJER

Pop Lukina 12-11, Belgrade

Help wanted

RELUCTANT RECIPIENT of virulent home-made wine urgently requires advice re: safe disposal. Situation critical, explosion imminent. All suggestions welcome.—Box 0871.

Perhaps, if you read the above advertisement in a Personal Column, you will commiserate with the unfortunate advertiser, even if you cannot help. I hope so, for I am the advertiser. My predicament is due to the misguided kindness of an elderly neighbour with a penchant for doing-it-herself, from rug-making to pottery. She thought to please me with some of her own brew, the recipe for which must have been concocted by a particularly evil-minded sorceress.

Wishing neither to drink it nor to offend her, I contrived to empty the noxious stuff down the sink, sterilise the bottle, refill it with my favourite Mackenzie's Sherry, and perform the tasting ceremony without fear of injury, if not without a twinge of conscience. I said, truthfully, that no finer sherry was ever bottled, a verdict with which the dear lady (after a moment of incredulity and four glassfuls) was pleased to agree.

Alas, next day I received 6 dozen more bottles of that mediæval brew which soon began emitting a malevolent hum like a diminished 7th Arpeggio played *agitato e molto tremolando*. A week later an obbligato of primæval glugs could be heard, and earth tremors were recorded at Kew. As I write, the council are debating whether to divert traffic or spread straw outside my house . . .

My plight is desperate. Let it be a lesson to you. Never give cellar-room to strange wines. Be on the safe side and stick to Mackenzie's. For my part, Mackenzie's will be on my lips to the last . . .

P.S. Whatever happens to me, you will still be able to get my latest, and perhaps last, book, "Sherry Comes From Spain." Mackenzie's are giving it away to anyone who asks for it. And they've had enough excellent entries to my recent advertising competition, dear readers, to ensure the continuation of this series.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The State of Man

In 1953 Miss Hannah Arendt delivered the preliminary draft of *The Human Condition** to that burning fiery furnace of intellectual discussion, the Christian Gauss Seminars in Criticism at Princeton. At the end of her first lecture she was asked for a brief reading list. Instead of producing the expected handful of articles in learned journals, she replied 'Plato, Aristotle and Marx. And of course, I'll also be using Aquinas, Hobbes, Locke, Montesquieu, and Adam Smith'. This, as it turned out, was by no means bravado. And it was certainly fair warning of the breadth and intensity of what was to follow.

Two years before, she had published her massive analysis of *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, called in this country *The Burden of Our Time*. It was an extraordinary work, for not only was it closely argued, immensely learned, original and difficult, it was also strangely moving. Miss Arendt indulged in no rhetoric, she paraded no horrors and waved no flags, but there was a kind of passionate energy in her thinking that was more effective than any conventional special pleading. She is an intellectual in the rarest sense of the term: not someone who suffers received ideas glibly, but someone whose intuitions about what she calls 'the pains and troubles of living' are most powerfully expressed through abstractions and logic. Quite simply, she responds to experience by thinking for herself, and that, our popular academics notwithstanding, is a rare gift. Her most abstruse arguments have a suppleness and relevance that is more usually the mark of a creative artist than of a political philosopher.

The Human Condition follows directly from *The Origins*. Only the form of the totalitarianism is different; instead of the political tyrannies of Hitler and Stalin, she has now turned to their subtler but no less deadly Western equivalent – the consumer totalitarianism of mass society:

> In both instances, men have become entirely private, that is, they have been deprived of seeing and hearing others, of being seen and being heard by them. They are all imprisoned in the subjectivity of their own singular experience, which does not cease to be singular if the same experience is multiplied innumerable times.

Modern democracy may be privileged, rich and easy, but it is also queerly sterile. It no longer provides a proper common world in which free independent people can act, talk and create significantly. The modern citizen, that eternal jobholder, may have all the trappings of the independent property-owner – semi-detached house, car, TV, refrigerator – but they weigh on him like chains on a slave. Miss Arendt's concern is with this inner, socialised slavishness of the human condition: 'What I propose, therefore, is very simple: it is nothing more than to think what we are doing'. It is, in fact, far from 'very simple'; it involves her in the philosophy of science, sociology, economics, semantics, history, aesthetics, theology, the theory of labour movements, psychology and, most surprisingly of all in this kind of abstract work, in private human experience. It is not cheerful reading, nor is it easy. Miss Arendt's lucid but compressed and muscular style is hard to keep up with. But it is profound and vitally important.

According to Miss Arendt, there are three ways in which man can express his humanity: action, work and labour. Action, the deeds and words of an individual moving in the public realm, is the unpredictable stuff of politics and history, the prerogative only of free men who want 'to make a name for themselves' – to immortalise their individuality through their deeds. In Ancient Greece the *vita activa* was the ideal to which all free citizens aspired. Perhaps it survives, in a debased way, in the log-cabin-to-White-House, private-to-public realm, myth of American politics.

So far so clear. But what of *work* and *labour*? They seem on the surface almost the same thing. But Miss Arendt starts from the simple fact that in most European languages – French, German and Italian, as well as Greek, Latin and English – there are two words for what seems to be one process. And the words correspond to different functions, different classes, different mentalities; essentially, to the freeman and the slave. A man who makes a pot, or a pair of shoes, or a boat, who writes a play, builds a table, or carves a statue is producing *work*, or rather *a work*, created out of his skill and imagination and care, complete in itself and made, more or less, to last. 'By his works shall ye know him,' for they are, in their limits, memorials to their maker. They are also unnatural, made by forcing natural materials to human ends. By our works we create a habitable world within the world of nature.

Once created, however, this world must be maintained. And this is the function of *labour*. A Greek slave or a Victorian slavey washed a floor, drew water, chopped firewood; within hours the floor would be dirty again, the water drunk, the wood burned. The Greeks justified slavery because, without it, free citizens would have been enslaved by the necessities of life. Perhaps the Victorians had the same excuse for child-labour. Nowadays, instead of servants, we have *labour-saving* kitchens. An artist may take five hard years to produce a *work*, but a criminal is given five years' hard *labour* simply as punishment. Raising a child is a kind of *work*: it requires active choice and intelligence; but when a woman goes through the natural process of childbirth, she is *in labour*. 'Labour,' said Marx, 'is the metabolism between man and nature.' Its recurrent, mindless cycle of exhaustion and regeneration, production and consumption, is at one with the cycle of nature. 'Of all human activities,' says Miss Arendt, 'only labour, and neither action nor work, is unending, progressing automatically in accordance with life itself and outside the range of wilful decisions or humanly meaningful purposes.' As she points out, it was Locke who distinguished between 'the labour of our bodies and the work of our hands'. Man the maker is *homo faber*, but when he labours, he is an *animal laborans*. The other day I heard a builder say a job would take 'three days for one man and a labourer. But in America', he added wistfully, 'they have machines for it'.

The ideal of the *vita activa* perished with the Greeks. It was already finished when Plato, in the allegory of the cave, suggested that the political world of action was shadowy, delusive; reality lay beyond, in a world of eternal ideas to be discovered only through contemplation. With the rise first of the philosophers, then of Christianity, the life of contemplation replaced that of action as the highest good; which meant that the human condition at its finest was unworldly, unpolitical. Even doing good, 'the one activity taught by Jesus', lost its value immediately it became public – rewarded, praised, or even acknowledged.

The ideal of contemplation held until the Renaissance. It was destroyed not by any great philosophical revolution but by an instrument, Galileo's telescope. It was this that gave the lie to the basic evidence of the senses. And when the senses failed, the old philosophy and the old order failed with them. There arose what Nietzsche called 'the school of suspicion'; at its head was Descartes, with his abiding principle of doubt: *de omnibus dubitandum est*. But what was most important about the new philosophy was not that it called all in doubt but that it followed and depended upon a man-made instrument: when Descartes heard that Galileo had recanted he thought of burning his papers, since 'if the movement of the earth is false, all the foundations of my philosophy are also false'. Man the maker had taken precedence over both the thinker and the active, eloquent political being. For only *homo faber* could defend himself adequately against his continual destructive doubt by building up a world of his own works, certain and controllable.

The final transformation came when Marx replaced the ideal of *work* with that of *labour* as the fullest expression of man's humanity. The division of labour broke down the individual work of the craftsmen into a series of automatic, largely meaningless labour processes. The result was that 'use objects' (Miss Arendt's unfortunate name for the more or less permanent products of work) were replaced by 'consumer goods', produced in vast abundance and designed to be worn out and replaced as quickly as possible, so that the cycle of labour could proceed as remorselessly as the cycle of life. It takes, for example, three years to buy a car on the hire purchase, by which time the car is both worn out and out of date. And the whole business begins again. No wonder they call it the Never-Never system. Somewhere along the way, Miss Arendt comments drily on the 'economic miracle' of post-war Germany:

> Outright destruction took the place of the relentless process of depreciation of all worldly things, which is the hallmark of the waste of economy in which we now live. The result is almost the same: a booming prosperity which, as postwar Germany illustrates, feeds not on the abundance of material goods or on anything stable and given but on the process of production and consumption itself.

* *The Human Condition*. By Hannah Arendt. *Cambridge: Chicago*. 36s.

Miss Arendt is not much concerned with the products of the labour process: the paper plates and handkerchiefs, the flimsy veneered cardboard that is sold as furniture, the tinny cars (Packard, the rumour goes, collapsed financially because their pre-war cars were too solid and lasting). Nor is she concerned with the appearance of wealth that goes with the system. Her business, instead, is with the disastrous impoverishment of the human condition itself. The question is not that the labourers have, at last, been given equal rights,

> but that we have almost succeeded in levelling all human activities to the common denominator of securing the necessities of life and providing for their abundance. Whatever we do, we are supposed to do for the sake of 'making a living' . . . The artist . . . is the only 'worker' left in a labouring society.

In mass society the individual is submerged in the vast, anonymous process of life itself. He no longer acts, he behaves. Instead of history, there are the laws of statistics. Only when the unique and the unpredictable can be ruled out as being too rare to count does history become meaningless, and economics and the social studies properly scientific.

> The last stage of the labouring society, the society of jobholders, demands of its members a sheer automatic functioning, as though the individual life had actually been submerged in the over-all life processes of the species and the only active decision still required of the individual were to let go, so to speak, to abandon his individuality, the still individually sensed pain and trouble of living, and acquiesce in a dazed, 'tranquillised', functional type of behaviour. The trouble with modern theories of behaviourism is not that they are wrong but that they could become true, that they actually are the best possible conceptualisation of certain obvious trends in modern society. It is quite conceivable that the modern age – which began with such an unprecedented and promising outburst of human activity – may end in the deadliest, most sterile passivity history has ever known.

It is a Kafka situation. The horror of Kafka's novels depends not on any dreamlike, symbolic shiftiness but on the simple fact that the protagonist is always an intelligent, human, three-dimensional person who suddenly finds himself thrust into a two-dimensional world. He is bewildered not because he does not understand, but because he understands too much. He is the unique individual plunged into an anonymous, motiveless, mass society. This is the situation Miss Arendt analyses in all its twists and coils. She offers no pat solutions which can be extracted from their context and used as slogans. Her politics are those of human dignity, not dogma. There is, in fact, only one 'solution' to the predicament she has so profoundly analysed: that is the example of her book itself, and the free, serenely mature and disinterested intelligence it exhibits at every turn. Her plan to do 'nothing more than to think what we are doing' has involved her in an intense, systematic critique of the whole tradition of political philosophy and the full sterility of our contemporary situation. The result is the first important revaluation of the human condition since Marx.

A. ALVAREZ

Ray Bradbury

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BURNS & OATES

Far East

A Sticky Afternoon

In the squares the glamorous fountains,
Trembling, droop uncertain heads.

Taps relapse to trickles. (Soap congealing
On my chest, I curse incompetent companies.)

'Kind indulgence' begged in every cinema:
A break for cat-calls and relief of bladders.

High fidelities falter. False notes
Flourish. Highflown tones fall flat.

While fans expire in ill-conditioned offices;
Blind foreheads weep, and computation fails.

Out in a suburb, someone's even hotter.
A servant throws the switch: the whole town helps.

A traitor, of some sort: conspired against the state:
Inspired by powers of darkness: gave us quite a shock.

A Warm Protest

To shoot a man against the National Library wall!
—The East unsheathes its barbarous finger-nail.

In Europe this was done in railway trucks,
Cellars underground, and such sequestered nooks.

To wound a Library wall with bullet nicks!
Really hardly cultured. No respect for books.

How shall I ever (never easy, as you know)
Persuade the boys and girls to use the Library now?

I—I assure you—speak but as a teacher-
Lover of learning—in no way any traitor—

Good God!—don't think that I've an axe to grind—
It's only—it was simply—merely—never mind.

D. J. Enright

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'One of the most gifted of the younger American writers.'

The Times:
'Written with passionate awareness of the drab ironies life offers the poor and persecuted this novel can nevertheless be called beautiful.'

Oxford Mail:
'A novel of rare literary skill . . . Mr Malamud takes all the sad and bitter things of existence and compounds something beautiful from them.'

BERNARD MALAMUD
THE ASSISTANT
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE 16s

At Full Gallop

Ethel Smyth. By Christopher St John. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

Ethel Smyth had her first music lessons from the husband of Juliana Horatia Ewing. She was once engaged to the brother of Oscar Wilde. She was snubbed by Brahms and won the respect of Grieg. Tchaikovsky gave her advice. By George Henschel she was called 'the most remarkable and original woman composer in the history of music'. She was put into a novel by E. F. Benson. She drove Lady Ponsonby, one of Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting, to exclaim 'Thank God for you!' She sang, she bicycled, she hunted, she played cricket for a women's team in 1889, and golf was 'one of the master passions of her life'. She was an intimate friend of the Empress Eugénie and Virginia Woolf. Debussy congratulated her. She had for the Princesse de Polignac an 'almost insane passion', and by Mrs Pankhurst she was 'swept off her feet'. As a suffragette she threw a stone through 'Lulu' Harcourt's window, and through the bars of a cell at Holloway conducted one of her own compositions with a toothbrush. She loved dogs and disliked all the music of Elgar. In Egypt she photographed an alleged hermaphrodite. Her letters sometimes ran to 4,000 words, and she once said she made, on an average, twelve intimate friends per annum. Anna de Noailles pursued her downstairs; Sir Adrian Boult turned her out of the room; and Bernard Shaw told her that her music was 'more masculine than Handel's'. Deaf, but not a female Beethoven, she lived to be 86. Her life, her entire life, had been spent at full gallop.

It is more than fifteen years since she made her exit, but the applause has never died down, and this biography will excite fresh rounds. Those who had the pleasure of meeting that extraordinary woman will be grateful to Miss Christopher St John for making it plain how extraordinary she was, and for rightly stressing that, whatever Ethel Smyth's merits as a composer, writer, and letter-writer, she was above all a woman of prodigious energy and overwhelming personality, firing, a little obtrusively at times, on all cylinders. She was surely the most high-spirited woman of her time.

The daughter of a general (with whom she came into head-on collision over her determination as a girl to go off to Leipzig and pursue music) she would have made a pretty good general herself. With courage, initiative, a commanding manner and tremendous dash, she would have been worshipped (as used to be said) by her men – or Amazons. But she would not have won all her battles; she was too headstrong; she lacked coolness and calculation. Even Miss St John admits or hints, quite rightly, that Ethel Smyth had her tiresomenesses. Her progress through life was rowdy, her feminism was obstreperous, and even her friends heard far too much about her lover, Henry Brewster, and went on hearing it long after he was dead. Half-American, half-English, brought up in France, this cultivated rentier with a floating moustache seems like some character unused by Henry James. He evidently had brains and talent, but it is difficult, without knowing more about his achievements, to feel much curiosity about him. And another friend of Ethel Smyth's, Maurice Baring, has perhaps even less appeal to a later generation and makes a dim showing in contrast with her.

Miss St John had a great deal of material to cope with, and her subject has many aspects. She might have been more generous with dates and more emphatic with chronology, and although she has drawn effectively upon Ethel Smyth's own autobiographical books, she might have given a more clearly focused account of her as a writer. It might be worth somebody's while to publish in one volume a selection from the writings. They are at best wonderfully lifelike or extremely funny. See, for instance, in *Streaks of Life* the 'Two Glimpses of Queen Victoria' and 'An Adventure in a Train'. Still, her musical life must come first, and Miss St John gives abundant and entertaining details of this. This is not the place, and this reviewer is not the person, to speak of Ethel Smyth's attainments as a composer.

When she died, a valuable appreciation of her was printed in these very columns by Edward Sackville-West. Miss St John happily reprints it, and it adds some warm and exact touches to her own carefully built-up portrait. Ethel Smyth was 'a brilliantly intelligent woman who felt violently about almost everything', writes Mr Sackville-West. 'Her fearlessness, her magnanimity, her capacity for affection, all went beyond what is normal in human beings'. Her music, he says, was less than herself, but believes she will be remembered for her *Mass* (which Sir Donald Tovey called 'God-intoxicated') and for her opera *The Wreckers*, 'a victory of passion over intellect'. Miss St John also includes a tribute from Miss V. Sackville-West, who points out that nearly all Ethel Smyth's books are marred by her obsession about the disadvantages of being a woman in a world largely controlled by men, and that this amounted almost to persecution mania, and was quite unnecessary. 'All Ethel's books are about Ethel', says Miss Sackville-West – and Ethel means 'violence, passion, indignation, loyalty, integrity, incorruptibility, shameless egoism, generosity, excitability, energy, a hundred horse-power drive'. The question arises whether the social and economic conditions of our own time would make remotely possible a character or career with any faint resemblance to Ethel Smyth's. The more one learns of the nineteenth century the more amazed one may be by its energy and variety.

William Plomer

The Sad and Difficult

The Journals and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by Humphry House; Completed by Graham Storey. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

The Sermons and Devotional Writings of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited by Christopher Devlin. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

A huge prose penumbra is accumulating round the slender body of Hopkins's verse: five volumes (adding these two new books to the correspondence with R. W. Dixon, the letters to Bridges and the Coventry Patmore volume) now stand shoulder to shoulder on the shelf, crowding Bridges's flimsy little edition of the poems into near-invisibility. There may well be more to come, since the Jesuits and the Hopkins family have proved singularly careless of his manuscripts. Even his will was lost until 1947. And one recalls that everything that survives or may survive is probably outweighed in bulk by what was burnt

or irrecoverably lost by the interested parties: the Jesuits, the family, Bridges and Hopkins himself each had one or more bonfire of unwanted papers, while other stuff was left for years lying in Hopkins's desk in Dublin for anybody to borrow – and to return or keep, according to the state of his conscience.

But nobody will be surprised in these days of full-dress editing to be asked ten pounds for the prose remains of a writer who has no fame apart from his poetry, and whose poems may still be bought in a scholarly edition for sixteen shillings. We are used to the sight of a fine-drawn poetic achievement resting on an ample and expensive rubble of prose. Nevertheless it is always pertinent (since the professional editor tends to go where the material is abundant rather than where he is needed) to ask whether these big peripheral books deserve to interest a public of non-specialists. In the case of Hopkins the answer has been anticipated by the letters to Bridges and Dixon (edited by Professor C. C. Abbott) which first appeared in 1935. They impress one as the letters of a poet who is, in the words which Mr Eliot used of Keats as a letter-writer, 'about his business'; they are the best introduction to his own work which an English poet has provided.

We laymen therefore asked for more. And more we got, in a further volume of letters, and Hopkins's *Notebooks and Papers* edited by Humphry House. House's book, published in 1937 and long out of print, is the parent of the two new volumes. A mass of new material had accumulated in the decade or so after 1937, so that House planned an augmented reissue of the secular writings, and entrusted a second volume consisting of religious prose to a Jesuit editor, Father Christopher Devlin. House died in 1955. The *Sermons and Devotional Writings* were already in capable hands, as the reader of Father Devlin's book can now see for himself. But the other and bigger volume was his own care, and Mr Storey has had to pick up the threads where they lay at the time of House's sudden death. Once again Hopkins has been well served by his editor. Mr Storey says that the spade-work for the edition had already been done when he took over, but I think House would have liked somebody to recall that during the last months of his life he spoke of this book as still needing a lot of work on it.

The *Journals and Papers* are without that almost continuous literary interest which makes the letters to Bridges so extraordinary. You have to pick about. Printed here for the first time are several hundred lines of verse – fragments, drafts of poems and alternative versions. Another considerable find is a journal earlier than the one printed in 1937 and going back to Hopkins's last term at Oxford. It reveals him passionately precise about sky-colour ('sleepy blue without liquidity'), cloud-effect ('a white rack of two parallel spines, vertibrated'), roses ('the inner petals drawn geometrically across each other like laces of boddices at the opera with chipped-back little tight rolls at the edge'), vegetables ('green windows of cabbages in sunshine') – his commentaries sometimes ending on a human and almost comically woeful note: 'Plane in full leaf but not sycomore (*sic*). Mulberry budding. Lilac in full blow. – Things look sad and difficult'.

This exact and reverent observation is married to a scientific interest in words. In fact there is so much philology – austerely technical by the standard of the 1860s – that Mr Storey has called on a specialist, Mr Alan Ward, to supply a linguistic appendix which is always informative and sometimes directly relevant to Hopkins's poetic idiosyncrasies. (The blurb perversely ignores Mr Ward's Appendix while mentioning the less valuable ones on Hopkins as musician and draughtsman.) Observation, linguistics and a precocious sense of lyric form – one of the undergraduate essays is an attack on Wordsworth's thesis that 'the most interesting parts of the best poems will be found to be strictly the language of prose when prose is well written' – are apparent at the outset and collectively they give insight into Hopkins's power to 'rinse and wring the ear' with words. But the greatest thing (since it makes him a major poet) is that he cared too much for life to be an aesthete.

Some of his friends, entertaining extreme Protestant – almost Dominican – horror of the Jesuits, simplified his very complicated sense that life matters more than art into a straight fight between poetry and religion. In a way Hopkins did so too:

> For Lent. No pudding on Sundays. No tea except if to keep me awake and then without sugar. Meat only once a day. No verses in Passion Week or on Fridays.

The life of any religious is rule-bound, and it would be easy to show that his Society discouraged him from writing, or led him to discourage himself. Father Devlin's account, while making one feel that Hopkins was mishandled by his superiors, is more perceptive than that. It proceeds on the sensible assumption that profound originality is full of pains.

A few months before he died Hopkins was telling Bridges about his time in Liverpool as a young curate:

> As I went up Brunswick Road (or any street) at Liverpool on a frosty morning it used to disgust me to see the pavement regularly starred with the spit of the workmen going to their work.

That 'starred' is very authentic and, in this context, suggestive of the ambiguity life held for him.

JOHN JONES

Prophets Without Honour

The Tanks: The History of the Royal Tank Regiment. By CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Cassell.* 2 Vols. 70*s.*

War and Peace in the Space Age. By LT.-GEN. JAMES GAVIN. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Friedrich Engels once pointed out the central paradox of military thought. In no other sphere, he claimed, was scientific progress so rapid and the need for technical re-evaluation so constant; yet in no other sphere were the ruling minds quite so stubbornly resistant to change.

It is a phenomenon which two factors do much to explain. One is the constant budgetary pressure under which senior officers in peace-time have to work, and which is bound to breed a habit of mind resistant to new and expensive ideas. The other is the nature of the military mind as shaped by a way of life in which strength of will is more highly valued than flexibility, and the greatest of virtues is the ability to persevere, unruffled by criticism or setbacks, in a predetermined course. Whatever the reasons, the conclusion is the same: the task of the military critic who attempts to change established habits and introduce new weapons or techniques is as thankless as any in the world. Suspect to the Left as a 'militarist' and to the Right as a 'Bolshie', he may or may not be justified by events. More likely he will see his ideas taken up belatedly, applied inadequately, and be publicly discredited because they fail.

Captain Liddell Hart's massive two volumes, in form a regimental history, are in essence nothing less than a study of the development and practice of armoured warfare in the British Army from its first appearance in the First World War. The second volume, which deals exclusively with the Second World War, conforms the more closely to the traditional pattern of regimental history; yet even this contains so much new material and original analysis of tank warfare, especially in the Western Desert and Normandy, that it is essential reading for any serious military student. But it is to the first volume that attention will most generally turn, with its account of the birth of the tank and the subsequent struggles, in face of official hostility and public indifference, to keep it alive. This is not simply military history; it is the most scholarly and well-documented work on any aspect of British pre-war military policy which has yet been published, or is likely to be published for many years to come.

The story is one which Captain Liddell Hart is uniquely qualified to write, although one would never gather, from his narrative, what a distinguished role he himself played in it. The credit he gives to others – to such pioneers as Generals Fuller, Hobart, Pile, Broad, and Martel, serving soldiers who in spite of all discouragement hammered out the techniques of armoured warfare which the Germans were so successfully to adopt and which the British Army, dominated by the older arms and starved of adequate funds, continued stolidly to ignore. When war came only one of them, Martel, was to have the chance of using his expertise in action, launching the famous armoured counter-attack at Arras which administered the only check suffered by German armour in France in 1940. Broad and Pile were given commands where their experience was useless.

Fuller, who had long since retired in despair, was regarded as unemployable on political grounds. As for Hobart, perhaps the greatest armoured leader, it needed the intervention of the Prime Minister to persuade the War Office to recall him from retirement and give him a command at all. Not until the last two years of the war did we regain the lead in armoured warfare which in the 1930s we had allowed ourselves so casually to lose.

Is this melancholy story being repeated today? According to General Gavin it is. Between the tale he has to tell about American military policy, 1945-58, and Captain Liddell Hart's account of British military policy, 1919-37, there are many close parallels. In both the scene is presided over by watchful civil servants snipping remorselessly at defence appropriations. In both there is a ruling military circle wedded to a concept of warfare which a group of younger and more imaginative men is trying to change. In General Gavin's book the part of the British cavalrymen is played by the US Air Force, with its strategy based on massive retaliation against the Russian homeland with thermonuclear weapons carried in manned bombers. Gavin plays the part of Fuller and his friends; and like Fuller he has now resigned his commission to put his case before the world in a work partly autobiographical and partly of military analysis.

What is Gavin's case? At first it looks as if he is simply, like many specialists in this country, demanding the replacement of a strategy of total war by one of limited war. Since Communist aggression will, though unceasing, be always local and limited, we must meet it with highly mobile, hard-hitting forces which can fight it out on the spot and make it unnecessary to threaten a nuclear holocaust over every local issue. So far, so good. But Gavin does not stop there. His armoury for limited war is remarkably well-stocked. It includes not merely tactical atomic weapons, but IRBMs, ICBMs, submarine-launched missiles and 'sky cavalry'; and he concludes his survey with a complete blueprint for Armageddon, with missiles of every size and shape threatening Russia from ground and sea and satellites threatening her from the sky. It is evident that his real complaint is not that money was spent on total-war weapons which should have been devoted to limited war: it is that it went on the wrong *sort* of total-war weapons—on manned bombers instead of missiles. The Russians thereby gained a lead in missile development which must be overhauled if the 'free world' is to be made 'safe'.

General Gavin thus sees no hope of peace save in an endless arms race; for in his view once the Communists secure a military lead they will not hesitate to exploit it. In support of this view General Gavin can adduce many blood-thirsty texts from the Marxist Sacred Books. These may be as relevant to the policy of the Communist Powers as *Mein Kampf* was to that of Nazi Germany, or as irrelevant as the Moslem sacred writings to that of the Sublime Porte. It is not a question which General Gavin considers. Indeed, once he turns his attention from purely military questions he loses much of his critical ability, and in general his view of the world-situation is quite terrifyingly immature. But so, it must be remembered, was that of General Fuller and General Martel; and one begins to suspect that the lack of realism which these three brilliantly able men show in dealing with political matters may sometimes have been reflected, if not in the measures of military reform which they have urged, then at least in the manner in which they urged them. There may be more to be said for the military conservatives than they will ever themselves be articulate enough to express.

MICHAEL HOWARD

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Lianas and Gold

Red Cloth and Green Forest. By ALFONSO VINCI. Trans. JAMES CADELL. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

Buried Gold and Anacondas. By ROLF BLOMBERG. *Allen & Unwin.* 28*s.*

The literature of Guiana, the upper Amazon and Orinoco is getting out of hand. It is terribly repetitious. Those canoes, those rapids, those friendly—or unfriendly—Indians, those blow pipes, poison arrows, reptiles, giant frogs, those incalculable civilisations of insects, are becoming monotonously familiar; and even when we are supplied with detailed maps, we are soon lost. These regions are being combed by film units, by scientists supported by zoos, and prospectors hoping for the lucky strike. They are all energetic masochists, more cheerful for every mosquito bite, and interesting company, for the world they describe is fantastic. But when it comes to the books they write or even the photographs they take, most of them don't begin to have a point of view. They have merely had an experience. A lot of others have had the same one. Essentially, they are writing books for boys.

A couple of years ago I excepted Francis Huxley's *Affable Savages*—lower Amazon—and, to go with him, is Alfonso Vinci. At once, one recognises individuality, temperament, intelligence, a power of reflection. He is not an anthropologist and he seems, at one time, to have been making a film and to have had diamonds and gold at the back of his mind; in fact, he is a natural explorer, a man who would be curious and enquiring anywhere, and a very spirited writer. We are immediately in the country, with all our senses. A point to be noted at once: the savages of the Upper Amazon are unusually photogenic. They approach—to the camera's eye—the noble, natural man. Mr Vinci destroys this illusion. One of his frightening experiences was his capture by one of the tribes. He had to endure a disquieting and often nauseous intimacy with them. They were filthy, tuberculous and pathetic, vulnerable to disease, short-lived and—he was quite sure—impenetrable to the missionaries, Protestant and Catholic, who tackled them. He grew fond of them; he wormed his way out of captivity, in which he and his expedition were helpless, but he found Indian company tedious and sad. Primitive people, he says, are boring because they dislike dangerous situations. Possibly another kind of masochist—of the anthropological kind—would have found his Guayca or Shirian people more stimulating; they helped him well on a number of extraordinary forest journeys. He has, at any rate, made them live in a narrative which is deeply exciting. And here I do not refer only to the capture and to other desperate events. I mean that the author conveys wonder and emotion, without going for the obvious effects and without losing control of his intellect and a power of irony, that take one back, at times, to Waterton's *Wanderings*. I recommend two long passages, one on the ant and the other on the mosquito and the 'daylight' insects of the savannah, to connoisseurs who are tired of civilisation. And to the philosophical botanists the following purple patch, which may be overdone but obviously brings out Mr Vinci's originality as a spectator of human nature. He is Italianising the tropical forest:

> A population of cellulose and chlorophyll, mighty, awesome, endless—besieged by a vast army of the halt, the maimed and the blind; by parasites and procuresses, forgers, poisoners, physical and moral invertebrates, strumpets and swindlers of every shape and size. For these, too, have their place in the forest and their assault has a violence and intensity which only the great trees, standing clear and foursquare, can resist. Liana enwreaths them and writhes round them, to their peril, in all its varied, fatal forms; wire-liana, tying the tree to the ground; chain-liana, manacling it; climbing plants, coiling round it like snakes, passiflora, whose evil flowers are like nails driven into the quick of the tree; curare and barbasio that foul the air with the reek of their death-dealing purpose. Mould that creeps along the trunks and lichens that seep into the cracks and fissures of age.

And so on to bromeliads 'discharging their fœtid water' and orchids 'mocking with their evil tongues'. A touch of *Tosca* does wonders for the flat prose, slick or puffing along, of Amazonian English. And Mr Vinci has a right to his purple; he is not a one-expedition man; he is a botanist, geologist and explorer of many years' standing, who knows his country well. I am thankful for his morbidity, his knowledge of people and his irony.

Mr Blomberg, a Swede, knows something of the Oriente of Ecuador; that is to say, he has left the plateau and gone down to the upper Amazonian and Orinoco sides; his book is a light travelogue, a cheerful recording of film-making and animal collecting. There is nothing new here about alligators, giant frogs, curare, jaguars, and so on. He is more interesting about the mirage of hidden Inca gold which has afflicted explorers. Even his mother-in-law, a jolly lady who visits witches, is liable to get 'secret' information. The mania affected Mr Blomberg, too, and led him to try to solve one of the most seductive and most baffling mysteries of buried Inca treasure. It was stowed away by Valverde, a Spanish soldier

of the sixteenth century, who obligingly left a detailed route map; unfortunately it leads into the Llanganati country, which is scarcely populated, inaccurately mapped and is appalling to travel in because of mountain fog and heavy rainfall. The rescuing aircraft, now used by all travellers, can rarely fly and can never land. Traveller after traveller has died on this journey; nothing much is achieved; tracks are washed away. Inca treasure—said to have been thrown into lakes after the murder of Atahualpa—has turned out, more than once, to be mica. In the thin air of the Andean highlands the body becomes lethargic, but the imagination leaps.

V. S. PRITCHETT

How on Earth . . .

A Short History of Germany, 1815-1945. By E. J. PASSANT. *Cambridge.* 20*s.*

German History, 1933-1945. By H. MAU and H KRAUSNICK. *Wolff.* 15*s.*

Germany and World Politics in the Twentieth Century. By LUDWIG DEHIO. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

Ranke aimed to show the past 'as it really was'. Present-day historians have modified the question and ask: 'How did it happen?' For Germany the question needs an extra twist, expressing bewilderment rather than inquiry: 'How on earth did it happen?' We mull over the events, stress this factor or that; but at the end it remains incomprehensible that this highly civilised nation should have plunged into a nightmare of barbarism. Other great happenings make sense, however surprising they seem at first sight. We understand the Bolshevik revolution, the American New Deal, and Baldwin's England; or at any rate we think we do. But Hitler's Germany? The concentration camps, the barefaced illegality, the gas-chambers, a whole nation run mad—these are beyond us. Our explanations are trivial: Hitler's daemonic personality; resentment against Versailles; capitalism in decline; the rootless intellectuals. These are phrases for an agreeable literary essay. The honest historian has to confess that the German record is beyond his grasp. Hell broke loose. How on earth did it happen?

Mr Passant does not help us much. His little book was written during the war as part of an Admiralty Handbook. It provides a competent summary of German history since 1815, thick with dates, facts, and figures. Nothing much comes out of it except that Germany never had a successful revolution and that German liberalism had no deep roots. Even this is misleading. Hitler made a successful revolution; and until his time German liberalism seemed as strong as in many continental countries. I had hoped for something more encouraging and enlightening. During the war I lectured on German history to those who were to administer Germany. My views were found to be too negative, and Mr Passant took my place. I have often been curious what positive comfort he provided. My curiosity remains unsatisfied. Perhaps he solved the problem by being neither negative nor positive, but colourless.

The account of recent German history by two German historians ventures further. It is a courageous book within certain limits. There is no attempt to make out that Hitler seized power by accident or against the will of the German people. He was at first popular as no German ruler has ever been. The Germans wanted 'action'; Hitler gave it to them. But, as the book proceeds, there is an imperceptible change of gear. Hitler becomes an irresponsible dictator, and the German people his unwilling accomplices. The sad old story of the Resistance that did not resist is brought out again; and we hear once more that it was all Chamberlain's fault for going to Berchtesgaden. Otherwise the Resistance would have overthrown Hitler. Why not say that the Germans had no objection to Hitler so long as he succeeded and now condemn him because he failed?

We do rather better with Professor Dehio, a historian with a long and distinguished record, who performed a great service by resurrecting the *Historische Zeitschrift* after 1945. His publishers say that he is 'a peer as well as a pupil of Ranke'; and the compliment is almost deserved. There is the same broad grasp of historical developments; the same scholarly integrity; and the same blind spots. His volume of essays will appeal to every reader who likes historical pontificating in the Toynbee manner. The worst of these great system-makers is that their generalisations seem irresistible until checked by detailed examination of events from day-to-day, when they invariably break down. Professor Dehio has made a pattern of modern European history. It has been, he says, for five hundred years a conflict between Balance of Power and Hegemony; and the would-be ruler of the continent has always broken against the maritime Power. Here he applies this pattern to the present century. Germany was the last bidder for the hegemony of Europe; and the opposition of England, reinforced by that of the United States, ruined her. If Germany ran wild, so does every hegemonist when threatened with defeat. Hitler was merely Napoleon and Philip II all over again. Well, there is something in it. British politicians have always explained their policy in terms of the Balance of Power, perhaps excessively. But there is much falsity in this view also. We historians do infinite harm when we treat states as solid national entities with personalities of their own, solemnly obeying the rules of *raison d'état*. Human beings do not behave like that. Take a single case. Professor Dehio treats the German navy as the cause of the first World War. The Germans wanted to secure the maritime freedom of every country. The British were determined to maintain their maritime supremacy, and so 'encircled' Germany, first by diplomacy, then in war. This is neat, simple, and flies in the face of the facts. The naval rivalry did not cause the first World War. It produced estrangement between Germany and England from 1909 to 1912, and then lost its force. British intervention in the first World War was caused by the German invasion of Belgium, and nothing else. An irrational, unsatisfactory explanation, but the truth. In the same way, there was little British objection to a German hegemony of Europe, as such, before the second world war; the objection was to its barbarous character. It would be an exaggeration to say that the British people fought either the first or the second world wars solely for moral reasons; but much less exaggeration than the other way round. German historians have never understood this moral outlook, just as the Russians do not understand it now. There is nothing wrong, from a British point of view, with a united Europe; the question is, who unites it, and how? It is a poor look-out for the Germans if all they learn from their historians is that they had the bad luck to come too late into the field. Professor Dehio's essays are a warning against running a system to death. There is some truth in almost every generalisation, so long as we remember that all other generalisations are true also. In this way, they cancel out and, so far as German history is concerned, we are back at the beginning. How on earth did it happen?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

The Newest Novel?

The Voyeur. By ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET. *Calder.* 15*s.*

Enough has been written of the ideas of Nathalie Sarraute and the group of 'anti-novelists' in France for a summary to be adequate here. What they are saying is this: The writer must reject the depth of meaning in objects, and confine himself to the exclusive description of *surfaces*. The separation of man from *things* will save him from the conception, and therefore from the reality, of tragedy. When he no longer feels as a lack the absence of meaning in external objects, the tragic sense will be obliterated. The writer is opposed to traditional Humanism, to the 'pananthropic idea', to the 'anthropomorphic vocabulary'. 'Henceforth,' M. Robbe-Grillet writes, 'we refuse *all* complicity with objects'.

Very well: with that, out goes the Pathetic Fallacy. Also out go Proust, Balzac, Dostoevsky, Dickens, Lawrence, Tolstoy, out goes Shakespeare.

What about character? Character is out. The writer must not cheat by pretending to split himself among his creations. There may be a central personage who sees, but nobody who knows. What, after all this, is left? Nothing is left but the auctioneer's catalogue, the mindless eye. Has tragedy thereby been avoided? Yes: and so has anything else of the smallest intellectual interest.

Here, then, is *The Voyeur*, an example of what the novel should now be like. There is, of course, no story as such: stories are bad. Mathias, a traveller in watches, comes to an island. He goes about it on his bicycle making small sales. A girl is found raped and murdered on the rocks.

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Ah, but was she? Or did it all happen in the mind of Mathias? We don't know because Mathias is not permitted to have a mind, only an apparatus for observation. He observes the trouble in his chain-case, he dirties his fingers on the sprocket-wheel, he tries the chain on the gear-wheels instead. He observes his own suitcase: 'Even slight wear had already revealed the real composition of the four rivets on the bottom: copper-plated babbit metal, which was obviously what the other twenty rivets were made of . . .', and on his way home from the island he observes a floating buoy which, having no relevance to what one must not call the story, is described with the care of a mad marine-stores surveyor taking an inventory for the benefit of a blind man:

> . . . the conical support itself represented nearly half of this height. The rest was divided into three noticeably similar parts: first, prolonging the point of the cone as a narrow, openwork, square turret —four more uprights connected by crosspieces; above this came a kind of cylindrical cage. . . .

The deliberate intention to rob the novel of all its attractions makes this a dull and pointless book, of no interest except as an exercise in an absurd blind-alley technique. It has claims to be one of the half-dozen most boring novels ever written. In his theoretical writings, M. Robbe-Grillet appears as a clear expositor decently refusing to claim too much all at once. But he has so hamstrung his own creative skill that it is impossible to tell how much of it he really has.

The trouble with the 'new' novelists is that of course they aren't new at all. They are Pre-Raphaelites, niggling away at surfaces, denying themselves the right to distinguish between the relative importance of one thing and another. Their literary expression isn't unlike a return to Dorothy Richardson, with the thinking apparatus entirely removed. In the middle of this rough world, they deliberately throw away the right to reflect, to comment, to decide. And this is both aesthetic and social decadence.

It doesn't need much social insight to trace such a conception of art to a society, or to a group within a society, far gone in decline. And I'm afraid I have no doubt that those groups here or in the US who can't see that point are themselves just as lost, just as much part of a dying culture. The mere idea of 'throwing away' has always attracted successive generations of worried intellectuals who find the battle too hard: Marinetti and the Futurists thrived on it. So did the little magazines of American expatriates in Paris of the Twenties. (I remember one of them exhorting its readers to throw overboard practically everyone and everything except a Mr Emanuel Carnevali.)

To throw away, to narrow, to reduce, to maim, to emasculate: these things are easy enough. Destruction is always attractive, for tensed-up nerves are soothed by the crash of crockery. In *The Voyeur*, M. Robbe-Grillet adds nothing to the novel, but goes as far as anyone can go in taking things away from it. And the most dangerous impulse of the West today is to hasten its own destruction, social, political, aesthetic and moral. The destructive culture doesn't avoid tragedy, but brings it crashing down.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

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New Novels

The Secret of Luca. By IGNAZIO SILONE. *Cape.* 15*s.*

The Ruined Boys. By ROY FULLER. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

Johannes. By RENATE CHRISTINE WOLFF. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The Levelling Wind. By MARGARET BENAYA. *Collins.* 15*s.*

This week's novels divide themselves into Silone and the rest. The difference between the two groups is so marked as to seem one of kind rather than degree, and Silone sets a standard too high to judge others by. They succeed in character, or plot, or message; he succeeds in everything he undertakes. He is a committed writer, yet he writes so purely that story and moral attitude are one and inseparable. He has revealed the essential grandeur of a human being with masterly economy.

Luca is a very old man released from prison after serving 40 years for murder and robbery. He returns to his village in the Abruzzi and is met with fear by all those who remember him. They know that Luca was innocent, and the knowledge terrifies them, even though he is old and gentle and utterly lacking in malice. He is visited by Andrea, another returned exile, but a younger, more violent one, obsessed with social justice. Andrea is Silone's typical anti-Fascist hero, a strong man made stronger by Mussolini's prisons and his service as a guerilla fighter. He is a man of power now, with influence in Rome, and the village, desperately poor, regards him as its saviour; but Andrea ignores the reception committees and, despite the old man's indifference and the opposition of the village, sets out to vindicate Luca, whom he regards as the symbol of heroic resistance against evil.

The story is told with a beautiful simplicity and control. As Andrea interviews one after another of those who saw Luca condemned we are shown a gallery of memorable portraits: the cynical judge who is so concerned about the rightness of his decisions that he ignores justice; the bewildered peasant woman who has turned Communist but cannot understand the Party's directives; the miller who has failed so often that he has made keeping out of trouble a way of life; the old priest who watches the world he loved decay. Despite the grimness of the story this is a triumphant novel, in which one man at least transcends the squalid poverty of his village. Luca is at once a man of tremendous, dedicated heroism and a peasant, and Silone has depicted him with an honesty quite free from propaganda.

The Ruined Boys is an admirable novel, with many virtues, but Mr Fuller lacks Silone's ability to arrive at last at the inner meaning, the essential core of life. The story concerns Gerald Bracher, a new boy at an unsuccessful private school, who begins by accepting the school at the valuation of its hypocritical headmaster, Dr Pemberton. Slowly he learns to develop his own system of values, helped by an eccentric but convincing boy called Slade, and a taciturn form-master whose love for the school-matron, Dr Pemberton's niece, is touchingly described. Mr Fuller has set himself the task of analysing a period of emotional climax in the life of an adolescent, the critical time when he must choose between honesty and conformity, and somewhere between the house-match and the school play, the schoolboy cruelties and schoolboy loves, the idea has become blurred. The enemy comes through clearly enough, in the shape of Dr Pemberton, a sentimental fraud of terrifying credibility. Against him the forces of righteousness seem hopelessly inadequate. This also should be a triumphant novel, yet one feels little sense of achievement.

The school, the microcosmic world, is seen through a schoolboy's eyes, and seen well. Unfortunately, Roy Fuller interrupts Gerald Bracher from time to time to develop a kind of simile I thought utterly inappropriate. This is deliberate, no doubt, but surely it is out of place in a novel so realistically treated to compare a boy's loss of faith in his headmaster with a 'rejection of the life-long belief in the artistic supremacy of Omar Khayyam', or the appointment of a bully as prefect with the farcical and tragic elements of *Venice Preserved*. Such elaborate contrivance breaks the novel's mood.

Johannes is another story of adolescence. Its main character is a 17-year-old boy living in a small German town by the North Sea, who is deeply influenced by Anna, a pathetically inadequate child, and her beautiful mother, Ingeborg. He helps Anna out of pity and falls in love with Ingeborg, who despises her daughter's helplessness. Too late Johannes discovers for himself that helplessness can be a very efficient means of enslaving another human being, and the story ends tragically. Miss Wolff can portray credible adolescents and she is skilful in exploring their extraordinary dream world, but *Johannes* leaves us where we began, on the edge of things.

The Levelling Wind is a novel about the Israeli army. Its narrator watches the hopeless love of a brother officer, Amos, for Ruth, a woman who has abandoned all demands on life and come to terms with failure. Ruth is the wife of a *wünderkind* lieutenant-colonel who sends Amos on a mission he is quite unsuited for, and which leads to his death. The story is well told in a brisk, Hemingway manner, but what made it memorable for me was its attitude to war, as exemplified by the spiteful, nagging struggle between Israel and the Arabs. To Mrs Benaya war is the ultimate degradation, the unavoidable corruption. For a Jew living in Israel now, this is a courageous statement.

JAMES MITCHELL

Amoral Tales

Fee Fi Fo Fum! By OSBERT SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

This engaging and instructive book consists of eight familiar fairy tales retold, and an absurdly funny invented one, *Jack the Shark-Killer*, of Sir Osbert's own. Moral stories, in the accepted sense, they are very far from being: a fact more evident to the authoritarian adults of a century or two ago. What the traditional fairy tales do embody is the *wish:* how to acquire riches, success, devotion, revenge, the answers to secrets, and other desirables with the least possible effort or spiritual justification. Thus they are really more suitable for adults than for the uncorrupted young. Some can have a more subtle interpretation, *The Sleeping Beauty*, say, which Sir Osbert does no more than glance at in his Preface. Do our absent lovers, for instance, go about the daily business of talking, walking, carousing, driving home through the rush hour? No, they live in our minds in the heart of a thick and silent forest, sleeping till we choose to let them wake.

Really, it can only have been the neutral way of telling these tales to the young – the lack of comment and emphasis – that carried their enormities along. These missing emphases are what Sir Osbert, with the worldly adult in mind, supplies: most divertingly when on manners and *mœurs*, least when on some private political grouse (death duties, the National Trust). But if anyone should think that he has *added* a cynical flavour to his tales, let such a reader look back at the accepted versions, in Perrault, or Lang or Grimm. Red Riding Hood, the feckless little creature, disobeyed her mother and was eaten up by a wolf – exactly as Sir Osbert tells the story now. This is perhaps the only truly moral history of the lot. As for Cinderella, Perrault has a splendid concluding note: beauty, he says in effect, is not enough without grace. But even grace can do little for you if you haven't the right sort of godparent. Compare Sir Osbert's *Beauty and the Beast*: here the Prince (or Beast) proves to be not only a fairy but a film star, who has been acclimatising himself for his role in '*Minotaur*, a story of love and life in colourful old Crete'. Beauty is also informed that

> 'The Prince will secure for you the part of the Tribute Maiden from Greece in the same film, and you will be married to him for a year. Then you will part, find new romances, and continue to marry happily ever after'.

But Sir Osbert shows peculiar cunning when he keeps, as in the *Jack* stories, to the facts of the often brutish originals. These tales are liked by the young, but chiefly, I think, for the freakish beanstalk growth, and also, possibly, for the fearful licence given to sheer bad manners. In any of his guises, Jack is an ungracious fellow, behaving quite abominably to his simple, ogrish hosts. But if Jack has a less wide adult appeal than some of his legendary fellows it is not because of his unappealing but useful qualities. It is because most of us have a more passive attitude to luck, preferring fortune to come without the exertion of killing a giant or two.

Cinderella is probably the most significant of all the myths. It is, for one thing, the triumph of the misunderstood, though time, and the English climate, have considerably vulgarised the theme. Those sisters were, in Perrault, haughty and hateful, if you like, but they were not hideous, half-witted, bucolic and pantomimically coarse. Sir Osbert more pleasantly sees them as jolly Betjemanesque ex-debs, Pam and Diana, the souls of good nature, and much afflicted by Cinderella's determinedly martyred behaviour. Cinderella *insists*, by the way, on the girls trying on the shoe and 'merrily led the laughter' at the result. This is reasonable, too, for there *is* something fallacious in the commonly accepted tale. Surely a girl of Cinderella's looks and type, insipidly pretty – the youngest, too – would not have languished long in a chimney corner. Would she not have been dreaming over the film magazines or the women's weeklies while her sisters were sitting on committees or going to night school? Such little girls can always count on getting hold of a prince of sorts. But even Cinderella's looks may also be part of the wish. The truth, alas, is probably that Cinderella, downtrodden all right, and neglected by the fairy godmother, was really the ugly sister after all.

NAOMI LEWIS

Still Mysterious

The Individual and the Universe. By A. C. B. LOVELL. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thirty years ago Sir James Jeans began his career as a popular writer with *The Universe Around Us*; a year later, *The Mysterious Universe* sold a thousand copies a day in its first month of publication. Many other scientists have followed him in the art of presenting astronomy to the public, the most recent being Professor Lovell, whose Reith lectures of last autumn have now been published. The apocryphal entry 'universe,

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(as described by Cecily Mackworth)

— What the Arab 'teenagers of North Africa do?
(as reported by Christopher Wanklyn)

— That 'red' in Russian signifies not only colour but beauty?
(as Manya Harari, co-translator of Dr. Zhivago, explains)

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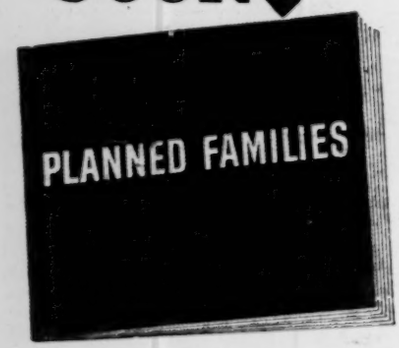

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explanation of' in the index of *Principia Mathematica* epitomizes what many people want to know, and it seems worth while to ask how the tone and content of the books which attempt to satisfy them have changed over this period.

The years between Jeans and Lovell saw both the publication of *The Social Function of Science* and the course of the second World War. For Professor Lovell, therefore, much more than for Jeans, science cannot be separated from the environment in which it is produced or the uses which are made of it. Moreover, as the designer of the Jodrell Bank telescope, he knows that modern techniques require money on a scale that only the state can be expected to provide. If society pays for radio astronomy, it is right that society should have an account of the subject, like Professor Lovell's, in which this is appreciated and discussed.

Another difference in tone is Professor Lovell's more tentative presentation of theory, but this may simply be because he is an experimentalist; Mr Hoyle's recent popular account was confident enough. Professor Lovell gives a good account of his own particular field of radio astronomy, but the observational basis of other aspects of our knowledge of the universe gets little critical mention. For example, although extragalactic distances appear to be known to within about a power of ten, they are derived from measurements which are only empirically related to length, and are therefore uncertain in a way in which molecular distances, for example, are not. Authors who deal in vast distances have some obligation to mention how they are determined, particularly if this is done in an unexpected way.

The main reason for popular interest in astronomy has remained unchanged: it is concerned with the astronomer's revelations about what Jeans called the 'Great Architect of the Universe' and what Professor Lovell more primly refers to as 'deeply embedded philosophical and theological beliefs'. Professor Lovell considers that radio astronomy may make it possible to decide between evolutionary and steady state (or 'continuous creation') theories of the universe, a prospect from which, he believes, 'only the materialist can turn aside unmoved'. He does not explain why it should be easier to believe that God made all the hydrogen atoms at once rather than that He is making them one at a time.

T. L. COTTRELL

The Clear Romantic Eye

The Square Root of Wonderful. By CARSON MCCULLERS. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the world of Carson McCullers people long for life to be transfigured. Somewhere, somehow, sometime—across some undiscovered, some unknowable horizon—there lies a reality beyond reality, where deep unnameable yearnings are satisfied at last. It is as if they walk the street of existence waiting for the brick and mortar to become transparent. Chief of the citizens of this world, and spokesman for them, is the adolescent girl: she races tomboyishly through Miss McCullers's pages, bursting with her secret sense of the infinite possibility of things. In her, as in adolescents of all ages, the romantic agony—that odd mixture of boldness and fear, in which a desperate desire to find life more than it is combines with a childlike terror of finding it anything at all—is uniquely embodied.

Mollie, the heroine of this new play *The Square Root of Wonderful*, doesn't wear shorts and climb roofs and chalk Motsart on walls or listen to Beethoven under other people's windows. But her romanticism is as unalloyed as the romanticism of the thirteen-year-old Mick in *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*. Mollie has twice divorced the sexually fascinating Phillip, a failed writer who constantly betrayed her. She picks up John and (by the time Phillip is coming round for the third time) has fallen in love with him. She tells Phillip she can't, or won't, go back to him, Phillip commits suicide, and the way is clear for Mollie and John to marry. Sensibility of imagination in general has gone towards transforming what may seem, on the face of it, a banal little idyll: but the more important item in the transformation, the ingredient which has most to do with turning the ordinary into the particular, and which so positively identifies the author, is the romanticism of Mollie.

It is almost as if Mollie has invented her lover—just as Mick invents an ideal Mr Singer, an image of Mr Singer—to place over the real man so she can work up a crush. John is everything that Phillip is not—conventionally characterised (he had a bad time in an earlier marriage himself) he is unreal, unreal in the sense that golden boys who ride off with girls in daydreams are unreal. In another play Mollie might have woken up to find her romantic longing with her still and the head on the pillow Phillip's as before. But in *The Square Root of Wonderful* she won't wake up because for Carson McCullers the romantic view is no more a dream than the comic view was a dream for Chekhov. This *is* the world for her, and she has the power to bring it to us whole. If the author has not consciously allowed for the unreality of the lover, yet the ambiguity—far from disrupting anything—deepens our knowledge of Mollie, and whether or not we believe in the square root of wonderful (we have stomached the phrase almost without noticing) we believe that she believes.

Some robustness (worked up in the novels by confident observation of behaviour) is gone: the dialogue is spare and bright, but sometimes cute; often (though it could seem different in production) there is a curious aloofness in the characters, as though the dramatist is getting them to say exactly what they mean without getting them to feel it so exactly. But the play excites, moves and convinces. Whether it would have been a better play if the yearning Mollie—carried off into a romantic reality by a Prince Charming from stock—had woken up after all, is anybody's guess. At least Miss McCullers has shown that the romantic eye need not be rheumy.

ROBERT ROBINSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,515 **Set by G. W. Stonier**

The usual prizes are offered for a lyric from *Don't Be a Great Dane*, the musical of *Hamlet*. Limit 16 lines; entries by 17 March.

Result of No. 1,512 **Set by Red Setter**

Rewards go to the swift. The usual prizes for a report in *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, *Daily Express*, *Observer*, *Daily Mirror* or *Daily Worker* (limit 150 words) on a contest in which victory went to the slowest competitor.

Report

The poet certainly could not have complained of Time, that old gypsy man, on this occasion. Perhaps the thrills associated with speed contests were missing, but competitors made up for lack of excitement by ingenuity. I liked Joan Keefe's 'Unracing' par. from the *Observer*, with Sluggard

('by British Railways out of The House') crawling home last. G. Curzon (quoting from what newspaper?) almost scored with his description of the pursuit of seven apprentices by nine members of the WI, 'carrying basins of dough. The slowest youth was caught, crowned as Fatty King, covered with dough and carried into town on a shutter.'

G. J. Blundell and Mrs A. H. Radice share first prize – one and a half guineas each. A guinea apiece to Lyndon Irving, Russell Edwards, Granville Garley and Gloria Prince. Highly commended, in addition to those mentioned, are Patrick Smythe, Michael Clayton, Vera Telfer, Colin Macpherson and Barbara Roe.

Daily Express

LOITERING WITH INTENT!

By Desmond Chopett

So the long race, long even for Whitehall, is over, and Septimus Tedium of the Sidetrack Board finally crawls out winner of the Tortoise Society's trophy, awarded annually to the Civil Servant who succeeds in delaying longest the passage of a letter from In tray to Out tray.

Sep's mastery of the ancient art of passing the buck served him in good stead, his rival, Sidney Fribble, doyen of the Wool Pulling Ministry, not having quite the hardihood necessary to success in this department of the game. Fribble, too, relied overmuch on short passes to delay matters. With secretaries grown warier, these tactics no longer pay off. So finally it was poor old Sid, looking about as happy as one of his own department's clothes moths in a nudist colony, who had to concede victory to the slower man.

G. J. Blundell

The Times

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Monaco, Feb. 1959

At Yvetot's collection, off-stage singing of the folk-ditty *'O la jolie jambe, mesdames!'* gently backgrounds an offering of definite trend. Patriotically, this exponent of the *haut tricot* harnesses his this-year's *appui* to the avoiding of visible signs of wealth, with models from the *corps de ballet*, their legs wool-encased. When they have pirouetted past, lights are lowered, and sheer-stockinged legs screen-projected at four times life-size, the music changing to 'See how they run!'. M. d'Yvetot then stop-watches the running of a transparent stocking punctured by a stiletto heel. He does not claim for this year's blackish-brown chunky with simulated darns, named by him *Vieille France*, that it never ladders. It can do so if ill-used, as he subsequently shows. But it ladders much more slowly. Every time he puts the two types to the free unbiased vote of his *invités*, the slow-runner wins.

A. H. Radice

Daily Mirror

Three courses behind the field at the Dorchester celebration supper, 18-year-old, blonde, blue-eyed Gloria Pippin of Scunthorpe revealed how she had won the 'Miss Seaside 1959' contest BY BEING TOO SLOW.

'They said "change and be ready by three o'clock". I did my best – really – but couldn't quite make it, so I went on as I was. I think that did it,' said Gloria, modestly gazing down at her triumphant 42-18-40.

'She was always slow, even as a child,' chipped in Gloria's mother, Mrs Jalna Pippin. 'It used to worry her Dad and me, but now we're not so sure.'

The prize? £5,000 and a film test.

[*The 'Mirror' regrets that for technical reasons it is impossible to publish the photographs taken of Gloria at the judging.*]

Lyndon Irving

Daily Worker

RED BUSMEN TRIUMPH

Late last night London Transport Executive agreed to the busmen's demands for automatic tea-makers on all buses, without prejudice to existing tea breaks.

This stirring victory is due largely to the imaginative zeal of Battersea Park TGWU delegate Walter Slide in taking work-to-rule tactics to their logical conclusion. He stopped, rather daringly, at all bus stops and Halt signs, and did not move until receiving specific instructions to do so. Specific instructions from other than the proper authority were ignored. Finally Slide hit on the idea of observing rigidly the Keep Left signs in Cambridge Circus. His journey time, 16 hrs 35 mins (unfinished), beat the previous record for the No. 14 route by over seventeen minutes. Underground workers on the Inner Circle came out in sympathy, and on the threat to extend the Slide Rule to all routes the LTE surrendered.

Russell Edwards

Daily Express

OPINION

Dogged Does It!

Ronnie Binge of Runcorn has not been in the headlines before. He may not be so again. On Saturday he took part in a motorcycle race over rough country in foul weather. He fell off three times. Twice his engine failed. But he kept on. Muddy and bruised, eventually he struggled to the finishing line. Alone, expecting to be the last. But the others had given up. He was the winner. All praise to the Ronnie Binges of Britain. They keep going against all odds. And they often come out on top.

Talking Point

Slow and steady wins the race. – Lloyd.

Granville Garley

Manchester Guardian: 'Miscellany' item

Victory is not always to the swift (writes a correspondent). One of these birds was recently found here in a lane with a slow-worm hooked on to a claw curved into very nearly a complete circle. How and why two such disparate creatures became entangled is a mystery. The lizard, though severely pecked about the tail, was still alive. The bird was dead, seemingly from starvation and thirst.

Gloria Prince

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City Lights

Cracked Façade

The first open crack has appeared in the smooth front which the Building Societies Association presents to the world. The Leicester Permanent, its seventh largest member, has decided to ignore the recommendation to keep mortgage rates at six per cent. and is following the Halifax down to 5½ per cent. The reasons given are obvious and excellent – the general trend of interest rates and the steady inflow of new money – but they have so far had no effect on the council of the Association, which prefers to wait for the Budget in the hope of tax concessions before recommending any change. The breakaway of the Leicester Permanent, however, may persuade other societies to dissociate themselves from a policy which is becoming steadily more unpopular – particularly those which can afford to do it so easily. The main reason for the Association's decision to keep mortgage rates up is the anxiety of many societies to get their reserves up to the level needed to qualify for trustee status under the new government arrangements: the Leicester Permanent already has a reserve ratio of six per cent., several times the average size of the reserves held by building societies.

* * *

Of all the share issues which have followed the suspension of the Capital Issues Committee, none has caught the public imagination so obviously as the issue by Showerings, the Babycham manufacturers. The offer was of 2.4 million shares: the public put in 84,000 applications for over 37 million shares and had to be rationed severely. The shares on offer were supplied by the four Showering brothers, who took over the small family brewing and cider-making business at Shepton Mallet in the Thirties. In 1946, after years of experimenting in the back room, they managed to produce a cider with some resemblance to champagne and three years later a perry. The possibilities were obvious: not only are pears a good deal cheaper than grapes, but perry is exempt from the excise duty which had forced up the price of other champagne-like drinks. Babycham gradually became popular, particularly when national advertising began, and profits shot up from £8,700 in 1948-9 to over £2m. ten years later. Whether or not this giddy progress can continue is for investors to guess, but the Showering family has sold 30 per cent. of its holding for close on £2m.

Perhaps it was disappointment with Mr Macmillan's trip, perhaps the feeling that Nyasaland is to succeed Cyprus, perhaps just first nervousness about the election, but the February gold figures are definitely disappointing. In January, before settling debts with the European Payments Union, the gold reserve rose by £46m; in February, when the seasonal trend should have been setting in sterling's favour, it rose by only £16m. The seasonal trend, of course, which is mainly the result of peak raw material sales by sterling area primary producers, is likely to be less pronounced at a time when raw material prices have fallen sharply; given this, the tendency for imports to rise faster than exports, and the fact that $200m. has to be repaid to the International Monetary Fund by the end of April, the chances of a further sharp rise in the gold reserve begin to look rather slim. It has now risen every month (bar one) since Bank rate was raised to seven per cent. in the autumn of 1957.

* * *

The Americans, who recently started an investment trust specialising in South African gold shares (and persuaded the South African government to grant them some remarkably generous concessions), are now switching their attention to Europe: a new trust – Eurofund – is to be formed with an initial capital of $50m. to invest in leading companies of the Common Market countries, and several large European banks are to provide it with investment advice. Financial links between New York and Europe already exist – Geneva runs an active market in US stocks for Americans anxious to escape capital gains tax – and may become stronger.

France, meanwhile, is trying to modernise the Paris Bourse in the hope of attracting some of the international investment capital. There has been a trifling cut in commissions – the government has offered a cut in stamp duty if brokers will match it with a real cut in dealing charges – but the important innovation is in company accounts. Large companies will now have to provide half-yearly figures, turnover figures, and the sources of their investment income, information which is provided only voluntarily and infrequently in this country. The fact that the information provided by British companies is not up to American standards is one of the main hindrances to the formation of an American trust to specialise in British stocks.

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The Chess Board

No. 486. One Score Minus Four

Three score and ten (or, better still perhaps, three score minus ten) would seem to be a more usual age for a grandmaster to receive the plaudits of his admirers and for this column duly to offer birthday felicitations. In the present instance they are slightly premature, for Robert Fischer has to wait another two days before reaching his sixteenth birthday (but we had better stop calling him Bobby from now on). To have reached grandmaster rank at the age of 15 would be most remarkable even if it weren't at that supreme level of the winners of Portoroz and the select few entitled to contest the challenge for the world championship. Withal, Fischer was never a 'prodigy' such as Reshevsky, who, at the age of 8 or 9, had achieved some masterly (though still far from grandmasterly) prowess. Fischer's was an entirely post-puberty development, he was 13 when he began his amazingly rapid strides towards grandmaster-rank: and even though that exalted status was achieved (or approached) by Tal, Spassky and Larssen before they were out of their 'teens, they were by three or four years Fischer's seniors at that crucial period in their development. It makes a big difference at such an age. Surely, Fischer's case is unique in the history of chess. When he won the USA championship once again (8½ out of 11) he was the only one unbeaten, and the only one to inflict a defeat on Reshevsky: oddly enough, he caught him in a brand new little opening trap.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, P-KKt3; (5) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; (6) B-K3, Kt-B3; (7) B-B4, O-O; (8) B-Kt3, Kt-QR4??; (9) P-K5!, Kt-K1; (10) B x P ch!, and however Black continues, he must lose his Q. Reshevsky struggled on to the 40. move, before resigning.

The question how and why the Q is lost might serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners. And here—White against Tal—is a game to show young Fischer's fighting spirit; note how, after his sacrificial venture he stubbornly refuses to seek the easy way out until he absolutely has to take the draw by perpetual check.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) B-R4, Kt-B3; (5) O-O, B-K2; (6) R-K1, P-QKt4; (7) B-Kt3, O-O; (8) P-KR3, P-Q3; (9) P-QB3, Kt-Q2; (10) P-Q4, Kt-Kt3; (11) P x P, Kt x P; (12) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (13) Q-R5, Q-Q3; (14) Kt-Q2, B-K3; (15) Kt-B3, B x B; (16) P x B, Kt-Q2; (17) P-QKt4, KR-Q1; (18) B-Kt5, P-KB3; (19) B-K3, Q-K3; (20) KR-Q1, P-QB4; (21) Kt-R4, B-B1; (22) Kt-B5, P-Kt3; (23) Q-Kt4, K-B2; (24) Kt-R6 ch, B x Kt; (25) Q x Q ch, K x Q; (26) B x B, P x P; (27) P x P, KR-QB1; (28) B-K3, R-B5; (29) R-Q2, R x KtP; (30) R(1)-Q1, Kt-B1; (31) R-Q6 ch, K-B2; (32) R-Kt6, R x KtP; (33) R(1)-Q6, P-QR4; (34) R-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1; (35) R x BP, R-K1; (36) R(6)-B7, Kt-K3; (37) R x RP, P-R5; (38) R-R7, R-R1; (39) KR-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (40) R-R7ch, K-Kt1; Here the game was adjourned, and only after some further analysis Bobby consented to take the draw.

In **B**, a win, the key-move is obvious enough to make it almost too easy for 6 ladder-points, but the variations are interesting. **C** (for 7 points) might be facilitated by the useful hint that it is one of the neatest stalemate studies among the 'classics'. Usual prizes. Entries by 16 March.

B: A. S. Selesniev 1919

C: V. & M. Platov

REPORT on No. 483. Set 14 February.

A: (1) QxP ch, KxQ; (2) R(1)-R7 ch, K-K1; (3) BxP mate.
B: (1) QP = Kt!, B-Q4; (2) KtP = B!, B-K5; (3) P = R! etc
if (1) . . . B-R1; (2) KP = Q.
C: (1) Kt-B4 ch, K-Q5; (2) KtxP ch, K-Q4; (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-Q5 (thr: to reach c3 and safety); (4) B-Q8!, Q-R3 (best); (5) B-Kt5!, Q-Q3; (6) B-K7!, Q-R3; (7) B-B8!, Q-R2 (or R1 or B3); (8) B-Kt7 ch, QxB; (9) Kt-K6 ch etc.

Large entry including a brave (though not quite adequate) effort by 8-year-old Stephen Dilke. Many lost a point or two by failing to see every finesse of **B**. Prizes: E. Allan, R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, S. N. Collings, A. J. Roycroft.

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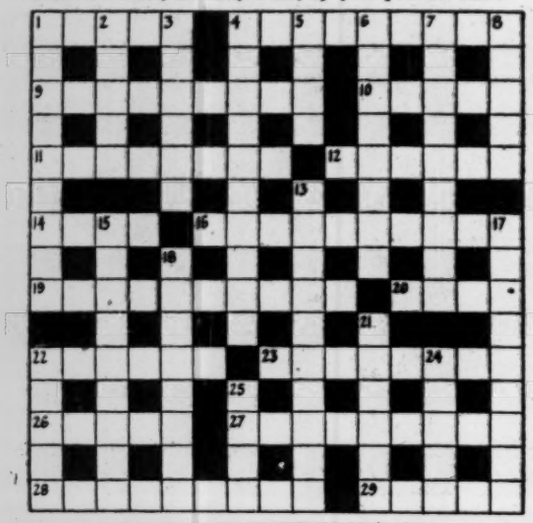
Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 345, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 17 Mar.



ACROSS

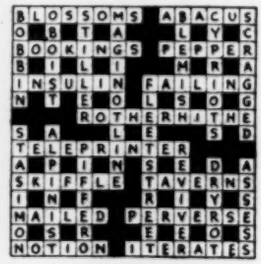
1. Composer who has to exist in the back of the tower (5).
4. Flower or farm product caught up (9).
9. Programmes of a meeting of people with curious characters (9).
10. Reverse an instrument to make capital (5).
11. A sailor crazy about me, a servant girl (8).
12. I took my place in a chemical substance (6).
14. In a ring this would be arriving (4).
16. Lord of river and lake (10).
19. The most intrepid people are a good crowd in important matches (4, 6).
20. Foreigner with final victory (4).
22. This is nothing more than a vote for a handsome one (6).
23. Despicable behaviour gets a girl into trouble (8).
26. Sound smack (5).
27. One getting married after an enlivening (9).
28. A job on the farm concludes with my return with a sovereign (9).
29. Deposit which would be smaller if nothing were withdrawn (5).

DOWN

1. The most meritorious wrote this most confusedly (9).
2. Politician for whom no transport turns up (5).
3. In part of the plant people are put over me (6).
4. Born under a piece of music I perform revolutions and I become a conductor (10).
5. Agency for a loveless poet (4).
6. Revelation which makes the former officer certain (8).
7. House making a servant speak about the West (9).
8. Auburn's setting is not beautiful (5).
13. Devastating for the madman coming in to celebrate (10).
15. Animal in company with a cautious bird (9).
17. Visualises a drop in feelings of ill-will (9).
18. An officer with a flying record putting up first-class defence (8).
21. Involve having irregulars in the line-up (6).
22. A desire for a letter (5).
24. The refugee has a rising this year at heart (5).
25. Language I eagerly take up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 343



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 343

A. M. Jones (Sutton)
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SUSSEX. 12 mls Eastbourne. Acres wooded grounds. Own produce. Everything home made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns. Whinrig Guest House, Horam 211.

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All appointments are on the Burnham Technical scale, plus London Allowance, with increments for previous teaching, approved industrial experience and training, and graduate allowances.
Applications (no forms) with the names of two referees and copies of two testimonials should be sent to the Principal at the College, Wood St, Barnet, by 16 March.

INSTRUCTOR Branch, Royal Navy. Applications are invited for Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. The primary requirement is for men of good personal qualities with degrees (or the equivalent) in Mathematics, Physics or Engineering (Mechanical, Electrical and Aeronautical) but graduates in Chemistry, Metallurgy, History, Geography or English will also be considered. An additional requirement exists for non-graduates with teaching qualifications. Service in the Instructor Branch combines all the advantages of life in the Royal Navy—e.g., comradeship, travel, a wide variety of cultural and sporting activities, a high standard of living, responsibility, etc.—with the opportunity to utilise scientific, technological and professional qualifications to the full. The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat, ranging from basic instruction to work on the lastest developments in nuclear power and guided weapons. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy. Note also: Students in their final year may apply. Short Service Commissions are granted initially for 3, 4 or 5 years, and may be extended up to 10 years. A Short Service Commission discharges liability for National Service. Starting pay is £511 p.a. rising to £620 p.a. after 1 year's service (£620 p.a. rising to £839 for 1st and 2nd Class Honours Graduates), plus marriage, lodging, ration allowances, etc., where appropriate. (At age 30 a married Honours graduate could be earning about £1,750 p.a.). £405 tax free gratuity after a Short Service Commission of 3 years and pro rata for longer. Service in the Instructor Branch is recognised by the Ministry of Education as 'approved, external service'. Short Service Officers may apply for Permanent Commissions. Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British subjects, under 36 years old and medically fit. For further details apply to: Director, Naval Education Service (P/15), Admiralty, London.

SOUTH Africa. Rhodes University, Grahamstown. Professor of Fine Art. Applications are invited for the above post, from July 1959. The present salary scale is £1,400 by £50 to £1,850 p.a., plus, in the case of married persons only, a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present £234 p.a. It is, however, expected that an improved scale, incorporating this cost-of-living allowance, will come into force shortly. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in South Africa and London, on 1 April 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires two News Correspondents stationed overseas. The Correspondents will be responsible, through the Head of External Services News Department, for broadcasting and cabling news despatches and similar material concerning the Arab World to London for use in the BBC's External Services, particularly in the Arabic Service. Pending final decision on permanent base, one Correspondent who will have general responsibility for the North Africa area will be posted initially for three months to Tunis. Other Correspondent who will cover other parts of the Arab World in Africa and the Persian Gulf will be posted initially for three months either to Khartoum or Aden. First-class journalistic qualifications essential, preferably with experience of the Arab World and with experience of reporting on foreign affairs. Knowledge of Arabic, though not essential, a considerable advantage. Candidates should be able to convey political and economic information in easily understandable terms and at the same time be able to report interestingly on non-political matters. State any preference for either post. Salary £1,725 rising by seven annual increments to £2,345 p.a. max. with appropriate local allowances. Requests for appl. forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.1022, N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

BBC requires two Assistant Film Editors in Bristol. (a) One post attached to Natural History Unit: general knowledge of natural history and particularly some ability to identify species essential. Experience of film cutting procedure, including track laying, desirable. (b) One post connected chiefly with preparation of regional magazine. General knowledge of film cutting procedure at all stages essential. Knowledge of picture assembly and ability to assist in track laying an advantage. Familiarity with West Region desirable. State any preference for either post. Salary £705 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,005 p.a. max. Initial appointments may be on grade with starting salary £590 with promotion to higher grade when fully qualified after a period of training. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1025 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Hebrew Programme Organiser in External Services. Duties of the post include planning and supervision of programmes in Hebrew for Israel, the allocation of duties to Programme Assistants, the initiating, writing and editing of scripts. Good knowledge of modern Hebrew highly desirable. Candidates should be familiar with economic and political conditions in Israel and with Jewish affairs and possess a sound knowledge of current affairs with special reference to developments in the Middle East. Broadcasting and some administrative experience desirable. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for appl. forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.1027, N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

BBC requires Designer, Television Service, to work primarily on Light Entertainment productions. Work calls for creative ability of a high standard. Candidates must have professional experience, preferably in the television, theatre or film world. Quick and accurate draughting, knowledge of scenery construction and drawing up of specifications and accurate colour perception essential. Based Shepherds Bush but working elsewhere as required. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.1020 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Television Talks Producer in Manchester. Duties involve devising, preparing and producing Talks programmes for Television. Applicants must be familiar with the wide variety of visual material available (including film) and have the ability to originate ideas and exploit them. A wide range of contacts and interests with some specialisation essential. Experience of Radio, Film or Television production desirable. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1016, N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant in its Arabic Service to compile and edit a monthly programme publication in Arabic, and to assist in the preparation of other publicity material as required. Qualifications: Experience in journalism and/or publishing, first-class knowledge of classical Arabic, good knowledge of English, and ability to write well in Arabic for publicity purposes. Knowledge and experience of proof-reading, printing and magazine layout would be an advantage. Appointment for three years (with possibly extension) at fixed salary of £960 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional). Prospects of promotion during engagement. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1024, N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires woman Assistant in Fieldwork Section, Audience Research Department. Duties include some office work but consist mainly of training and supervising part-time interviewers, men and women, engaged on the continuous countrywide survey of listening and viewing. Considerable travelling is involved and much of the time will be spent outside London. Candidates should be capable of giving clear and easily understood instructions to people of many different kinds. Good knowledge of BBC programmes and some practical experience in training of staff or in market research interviewing desirable. Salary £590 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £855 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1023, N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4, London Road, Chelmsford.

LONDON County Council. Elmfield Secondary School, Ravenstone Street, Balham High Road, London, SW12. (500 girls 11-16; moving to a new building for 700 girls, 1960; courses to GCE 'O' level, Commerce and Light Engineering). Qualified Teachers invited to apply for the following posts: (1) Master/Mistress to organise General Science with bias towards Physics in Upper forms; two laboratories in new building. Some industrial experience a recommendation. Candidates should be interested in new approach. (£131 5s. allowance.) (2) Master/Mistress to organise Mathematics throughout School. Vacancy due to retirement. (£78 15s. graded post.) Burnham (London) scale salary; allowances subject to approval of Council on appointment. Apply to Headmistress at the School on form T.S10 (SR), obtainable from the Education Officer (TS.2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, SE1 (s.a.e. f'scap). Appointments will be to Council's service with assignment to this school. (462.)

ADULT Centre needs handyman-craftsman to join house-team. Write Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

GRANADA TV NETWORK

is planning a series of

SCIENTIFIC PROGRAMMES FOR SCHOOLS

and requires

A PERSON WITH KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE OF THE EDUCATIONAL WORLD, THOUGH NOT NECESSARILY AS A TEACHER,

to organise these.

Scientific training would be an advantage and also some knowledge of television and/or other visual aids to education. The successful applicant will be required to be based in Manchester. Write, giving full details of previous qualifications and experience, to

Sir Gerald Barry,

GRANADA TV NETWORK LTD 36 GOLDEN SQUARE · LONDON · W.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney. Staff Tutor. Applications are invited for the position of Staff Tutor in the Department of Tutorial Classes. Candidates should be graduates in Arts or Economics with honours in Psychology, Anthropology, Education, Political Science or Economic History and should have had some previous experience of adult education work. Experience in methods and planning of social surveys or in adult education work with trade unions would be an advantage. Salary will be within the range £A1,500–90–£2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is 18 April 1959.

NATIONAL Theatre, Uganda. The Trustees of the National Theatre, Kampala, invite applications for the post of Theatre Manager. The Manager, who must be a man of allround ability, will be responsible for the day to day management of the Theatre, the engagement of theatrical companies from overseas, assistance with the production of plays, dramatic education, and the general encouragement of amateur drama in Uganda. Salary scale: £1,200 × £50 – £1,650, entry point according to qualifications and experience. Contract for three years, with the possibility of renewal. Up to three adult tourist class sea or air passages paid on appointment and termination for Manager and family. Generous leave allowance on full pay. Partly furnished accommodation provided at nominal rent of 7½ per cent of salary. Letters of application giving full details of age, family status, professional experience, etc., together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent airmail addressed to: Hon. Secretary, National Theatre Executive Committee, PO Box 914, Kampala, Uganda, to arrive not later than 31 March 1959. Suitable applicants will be interviewed in London at the end of April, and the successful candidate will be expected to take up the post in Kampala by mid Aug. 1959.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for positions of Child Welfare Officer shortly becoming available. Candidates selected will be based on an area children's office in Bethnal Green (subject to the Council's general right to transfer staff to other areas). They will deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area covered for reception purposes comprises City of London and boroughs of Bethnal Green, Poplar and Stepney, but children under supervision are placed in wider area including residential establishments outside London and foster homes in South and East Essex and Suffolk. Considerable travelling involved and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available to non-drivers. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other academic qualification an advantage. Salary £630-£927 10s. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer positions (£815-£1,140). Application forms (returnable by 6 April) and details obtainable from Children's Officer (CH.E1/387), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for positions of Child Welfare Officer shortly becoming available. Candidates selected will be based on an area children's office near London Bridge Station (subject to Council's general right to transfer staff to other areas). They will deal with reception into care, rehabilitation, boarding out, adoption, supervision and other field work associated with deprived children. Area covered for reception purposes comprises the boroughs of Bermondsey, Lambeth and Southwark but children under supervision are placed in a wider area, including residential establishments outside London and foster homes in Croydon, East Surrey and East Sussex. Considerable travelling involved and ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available to non-drivers. Case-loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Candidates should have previous experience in child care or allied social work. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or other academic qualification an advantage. Salary £630 – £927 10s. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Child Welfare Officer positions (£815 – £1,140). Application forms (returnable by 23 March) and other details obtainable from Children's Officer (CH/E1), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

SOCIAL work for children. Experienced Shorthand-Typist, general office routine, 5-day week. Write details, Secretary, National Society of Children's Nurseries, 45 Russell Square, London, WC1.

More Appointments Vacant on page 350

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for two posts in the Department of Economics and Commerce. The first is a Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in industrial economics. Candidates for this post should have specialist knowledge of either management subjects, industrial relations or industrial organisation. The second is an Assistant Lectureship for which candidates should have a particular interest in Economic Theory and some acquaintance with statistical method as used in economics. Salary on the scale £900×£50–£1,350 (efficiency bar) × £75–£1,650 a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £700-£850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience and the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 25 April 1959.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited from suitably qualified graduates for appointment as temporary Assistant Lecturer in Politics in the Department of Social Studies at a salary within the range £700-£850 a year according to age, qualifications and experience. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance with a possible extension for one further year. Preference will be given to candidates with a special interest in the sociological study of political institutions. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 15 April 1959.

THE University of Leeds, Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Industrial Relations in the Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies. Salary on the scale of £900×£50–£1,350 (efficiency bar) ×£75–£1,650 a year for a Lecturer or within the range £700–£850 a year for an Assistant Lecturer. Candidates should have good academic qualifications in Economics and Industrial Relations, or in Sociology and Industrial Relations. Experience in a responsible post in industry and a special interest in problems of Communication in Industry, are desirable additional qualifications. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars obtainable) not later than 11 April 1959.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for two posts of Lecturer in Education to begin duties on 1 September 1959. For one post candidates should have qualifications and special interest in the teaching of Mathematics, for the other candidates should be qualified in either Chemistry or in Physical Education. Teaching experience is essential. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £900×50–1,350×75–1,650, with FSSU provision and family allowance. Grants towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 4 April 1959.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy to begin duties on 1 October 1959. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £700×50–850, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applics (4 copies) should be sent by 4 April 1959.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for the following posts: duties to commence 1 October 1959: a Lecturer in Applied Economics; a Research/Teaching Fellow in Applied Economics. Candidates should have a special interest in industrial economics. Salary scales: Lecturer–£900×50–1,350×75–1,650; Teaching Fellow in the range £750–1,000, with FSSU provision and family allowance. Initial salary for either post according to qualifications and experience. Grants towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by 4 April 1959. Enquirers should name the post in which they are interested.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics to begin duties on 1 October 1959. Candidates should be interested in Economic Theory. Salary scales: Lecturer–£900×£50–1,350×75–1,650; Assistant Lecturer–£700×50–850, with FSSU provision and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (4 copies) including the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent by 8 April 1959.

YOUNG, practical man needed to look after a group of 7 maladjusted, difficult boys of 11-13, in small Rudolf Steiner Home-school. Also Senior & Jun. Group-mothers. Long working hrs. mod. pay, 5-wks holiday with pay. Cotswold Chine, Box, nr Stroud, Glos.

PART-Time Teacher, English to Foreigners, required by West End School. Experience essential. Ability to teach commercial subjects an advantage. Box 6665.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Hornsea and Pocklington Secondary Schools and Institutes of Further Education. A lively, youngish graduate with teaching experience and organising ability is needed at each of the fine new secondary schools and centres of further education which have recently been opened at Hornsea and Pocklington. His main function will be to co-operate with the Warden/Headmaster in the organisation of evening and day classes which will be held both at the central premises and in the neighbourhood. These posts offer excellent scope to men of enterprise and enthusiasm who may be looking for ultimate advancement in the field of further or secondary education or, possibly, administration. Salary will be Grade B Further Education Scale, plus £100 per annum. A car will be needed for which an allowance is payable. Houses can probably be made available to married applicants. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Leicester. Applications are invited for the post of Drama Adviser. Academic qualifications and teaching experience, if any, should be stated as well as practical experience. The person appointed will form part of a team of advisers already appointed for music, art and crafts, and will be employed mainly in further education but the links with schools are growing. Salary scale £1,097 10s.×£26 5s.–£1,307 10s. (i.e. Organisers of special subjects Grade I plus £100). Starting point on scale according to qualifications and experience. Applications (no forms) with names of three referees, by 21 March to The Director of Education, County Offices, Grey Friars, Leicester.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. School Psychological Service. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Educational Psychologist in the School Psychological Service. Duties include educational and clinical work and afford much scope. Candidates will be expected to possess a degree in psychology, practical training in child psychology and to have had teaching experience. Ability to lecture an asset. Applications from persons at present taking training will be considered. Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Educational Psychologist's Scale. Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester. Completed applications should be returned to this office not later than 14 days after the appearance of the advertisement.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the following posts: Assistant Lectureship or Lectureship. English Renaissance Literature with responsibility for teaching Italian within the English honours school. Salary scales: Assistant Lectureship: £700 × £50 to £850 per annum. Lectureship: £900 ×£50 to £1,350×£75 to £1,650 per annum. FSSU benefits and family allowances. Tutorships: Economics; Philosophy. Salary on the scale £575 to £625 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars can be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received not later than Saturday, 4 April, 1959.

INVALID Children's Aid Association invite applications from women holding a Social Science Certificate or equivalent qualification, with at least two years' experience of Case Work, for the post of Case Worker in Essex, based on Chelmsford. Posts are also available in London for recently qualified Social Workers where in service training can be given. Salary scale £450-£550 per annum, according to experience. Application forms from the General Secretary, ICAA, 4 Palace Gate, London, W8.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Trained and experienced part-time youth leaders in Willesden area. Fee 27s. p. eve. (under review). Full particulars & application forms (s.a.f'scap. c.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 14 March. (Quote Z.206, NS.)

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Brunel College of Technology, Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3. Research Worker in the Social Sciences. Candidates must be university graduates in one of the social sciences and have some experience in the conduct of social research. Preference will be given to candidates who are familiar with technology and problems of technological education. The appointment is for three years. The successful candidate will work under professional direction as a member of small newly formed research team set up with a grant from the Nuffield Foundation. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Report, i.e., for Assistants Grade B £650×£25–£1,025 plus London allowance and other additions for previous experience as appropriate. This salary is now subject to 5% increase. Application forms and further particulars (foolscap sae) from the Principal, C. E. Gurr, MSc, PhD, Clerk to the Governing Body.

HOUSEMOTHER required in April at School for Maladjusted Boys. Post offers considerable scope for someone interested in helping a small group of emotionally disturbed 9-11 year-olds. Salary £250–£300 a year resident, according to experience. Apply to The Principal, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

THE National Association for Mental Health invites applications from qualified experienced social workers for the post of case worker for two pioneer hostels for ESN school leavers in the London area. The post involves contacts with employers, advice to a residential staff on the problems of handling adolescents in consultation with members of a psychiatric team. Salary scale related to APT II or III according to experience. Car allowance. Write, with two references, to General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, W1.

BRIGHTON General Hospital: Applications are invited for the post of Trained Social Worker for work in the Mental Observation Unit. Applicants should possess a Social Science degree or diploma, Certificate of the Institute of Almoners, or similar qualification, and experience of dealing with mentally ill patients would be an advantage. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council recommendations. Written applications with the names of two referees stating age, qualifications and experience to the Administrative Officer, Brighton General Hospital, Elm Grove, Brighton.

HIGH Wick, Tyttenhanger, Near St Albans, Herts. (Unit for Psychotic and Severely Maladjusted Children.) Applications are invited from Child Care Workers, residential, who wish to undertake advanced training in the psychiatric care of children at the above Unit. Commencing date September 1959. Salary £400×£20 (4)–£480 per annum, less £116 per annum for board-lodging. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the name of one referee, to Dr. George Stroh (N.S.), Consultant Psychiatrist, Bleak House, Catherine St, St Albans.

SOCIAL Worker. Surrey County Council invite applications from almoners and other suitably qualified social workers for 4 full and 1 part-time new posts offering wide scope for casework in a developing scheme for family social service. Successful candidates will be required to work within a team of seventeen social workers each under a divisional medical officer in one of the health divisions of the County. Salary scale up to a maximum of £740 plus £30 London Weighting where appropriate. Applications, with names of three referees, to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames (Kingston 1050 Ext. 132) by 21 March 1959.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Warden, Josephine Butler Memorial House, Liverpool. Candidates should be qualified and experienced women social workers with a university qualification. They should also have experience in the training of students and wide interest in social studies. Communicant membership of the Church of England is essential. For further particulars apply to the Chairman: The Bishop of Liverpool, Josephine Butler Memorial House, 34 Alexandra Drive, Liverpool, 17.

INTELLIGENT woman with a knowledge of household management and an interest in social work wanted as Bursar/Housekeeper to a residential settlement. For further details apply to the Warden, St Hilda's East, 3 Old Nichol St, Bethnal Green, E2.

YOUNG, active, sensible m./f. wanted as sales personnel by American firm operating mostly in darkest English provinces. Own car, complete mobility, desire for large earnings, are essential qualifics. Interview 11.30 a.m.-6 p.m. Fri./Sat. 6 & 7 Mar., Brittan, The Crow's Nest, 2 John St, WC1.

INTERNATIONAL Club, Manchester. Man or woman with tact, personality, energy and keen interest in international friendship invited to apply for the post of Warden. Experience with overseas people and office experience useful. Non-residential, mainly evening work. About £500. Write to Hon. Sec., 64 George St, Manchester 1.

STATE Registered Nurse for country district, S. Devon. Able to take charge of 25 convalescent & healthy children. Also care & training of junior staff. Very interesting post. For responsible & conscientious nurse who loves children & can control through affection & common sense: Apply, Markus, Hapstead, Buckfastleigh.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, needs a resident Science master in September, preferably keen educationist with practical approach and ability to help with games. Scope for experiment. This is a recognised co-educational boarding school with sixty pupils aged 9 to 18 and own small farm. Burnham scale, Government superannuation, no married quarters. Curriculum vitæ or testimonials by post.

A RESIDENT vacancy will shortly occur at St. Julians, Sevenoaks, a community of over 7 years' standing, for someone to take executive/administrative responsibility. An interest in catering & ability to get on with people essential. Knowledge of book-keeping, shorthand/typing added advantages. Excellent salary & full emoluments. Apply Box 6782.

REQUIRED London. Resident Warden for teenage Jewish girls. Responsible interesting work. Salary £375-£450. Box 6398.

SUB-WARDEN/Club Worker (woman resident) for East London Settlement, recently rebuilt. Box 6646.

DIRECTOR of Youth Activities required. Preferably experienced and able to supervise adult group leaders. Apply, The Head, Oxford House, Mape Street, London, E2.

ASSISTANT Press Officer required in the Publicity Department of The George Cohen 600 Group, Limited, Wood Lane, London, W12. This is an interesting job for an experienced man with a flair for presenting technical stories with above-average style; with a sound knowledge of the needs of technical journals; some more general knowledge of advertising and publicity; and with the grasp of detail he will need when called on to step aside from his Press Officer's duties to lend a hand with exhibition organisation and similar sales promotional activities. He will be about 30 years old and will find a good educational background and a current driving licence helpful. Working conditions are good, with a pension scheme, canteen facilities, etc. The initial salary will not be less than £850 p.a. Applics, giving full details of past experience, should be addressed to the Group Publicity Manager.

DUNDEE Council of Social Service. Family Case Worker with Social Science qualifications and experience required to establish and develop a Family Case Work Agency and participate in training students. Salary £700/£750, placing according to experience; superannuation. Apply to N. Robertson, 9 Ward Road, Dundee.

LADY, about 30, reqd to assist in interesting project involving applied arts and some travel abroad. Previous experience unnecessary. Details age, educ., previous & present work, in confidence to Box 6669.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires shorthand typist for work in Travel Department. Friendly atmosphere (if hectic in busy season) and interesting work. Moderate salary–but we like working here! Apply Manager, NUS Travel Dept, 3 Endsleigh St, WC1. EUSton 2184.

BILINGUAL English/German Secretary/Shorthand/Typist. Good working conditions, five-day week. Apply to The Rockwell Machine Tool Co., Ltd, Welsh Harp, Edgware Road, London, NW2.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2: 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

SHORTHAND Typist. International trade union organisation in London requires experienced shorthand typist with knowledge of foreign languages. Good prospects for suitable person. Superannuation scheme and holiday bonus. Apply with full particulars Box 6712.

SECRETARY, full- or part-time, to work on own initiative, for membership and advertising drive, wanted by Jewish organisation. Organiser (male) also consid. Box 6713.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typists! Responsible well-paid posts are obtainable through St. Paul's Agency. No fees. Write to us for details of suitable vacancies. Temporary work also available! 35 Copthall Avenue, EC2. NAT. 9494.

SECRETARY, about 25, for well-known West End publishers. Good prospects and bonus. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

PART-time Sec. for inventor. 3-4 afternoons p.w. Kensington area. WES. 1302.

A SENIOR Secretary is sought by the Research Manager, Hoover Limited. Applicants should preferably have had experience as a secretary in a scientific or technical department, either in the academic or business world, and should preferably be between 25 and 35 years old. Shorthand, though desirable, is not essential. Candidates of outstanding merit who do not fit into the above categories will be considered. Emphasis will be laid on keenness, intelligence and initiative. Applicants should apply, in writing, to the Employment Officer, Hoover Limited, Perivale, Greenford, Middx.

A VACANCY occurs in a small professional office, EC1 District, for a lady shorthand/typist with some general office experience. Older person considered. Hours 9.45-5.15. Saturday mornings till noon. CEN. 9904.

AT any age nothing is more important than the right career. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire St, W1. Tel. WELbeck 6017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FOLLOWING qualifications might be valuable to national or international society: Wide contacts in national and local government and industry; widely travelled in Europe, Africa and Asia; accomplished linguist (French, German, Italian, Swahili); much experience of working in committees and at international conferences and of public speaking. Willing travel. Prefer organisation with humanitarian aspect. Scope more important than size of salary. Own car. First-class references available. Box 6400.

SPANISH gentleman, 23, Madrid University, 2 years' teaching exp. English Grammar School, Cambridge Proficiency in English, seeks post as teacher of Spanish. Box 6659.

MATHEMATICS. Woman Teacher, no qualifications, thorough experience GCE O-level, wants responsible full-time work, preferably country. Box 6561.

TOP City Men prefer good secretaries introduced by Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 352

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled (i) 'The Reception of Spanish Literature in Europe in the Renaissance'; (i) 'Algunos aspectos de la evolución del lenguaje literario español en los siglos XIX y XX' will be delivered by Professor C. Claveria (Spanish Institute, Munich) at 5.30 p.m. on 11 and 12 March at University of London, Senate House, WC1. The second lecture will be delivered in Spanish. Admission Free, Without Ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorb., Heidelb.), spec. Holiday Syll., also coach to Univ. Ent. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden (4,000 ft.), Switzerland. Year Course 1959-60, 1 Oct.-30 June. A modern international study centre inspired by life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German, on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts and sports. Good general education required. For adults, min. age 18. Three 11-week terms. Cost £98 10s. per term inclusive for board, lodging and tuition. Holiday Courses: 13-25 July, 2-14 August. Please ask for separate prospectus. References available.

ST James' Academy, 283 Oxford Street, W1. HYDe Park 6524 – Intensive Secretarial Course starts 6 April – small groups – remarkable results. Also attrac. Language Courses & Engl. for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W1. PARk 1392.

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

UNISCHOL Tutorial College – the Specialists in Maths & Science. Unequalled tuition at all levels up to Univ. Degree. Spacious well-equpd laboratories. 2 mins Finsbury Pk Tube. 308 Seven Sisters Rd, N4.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

INDIVIDUAL tuition in painting. Monday 9 a.m.-3 p.m., Friday 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m.-9 p.m. Studio available, or visiting. Heinz Koppel, 28 Grt North Rd, N6. FITzroy 0877.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting – Five annual Entrance Scholarships available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

ST PETER'S Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Accommodation arranged. Apply Secretary.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

POLITICS and Public Opinion with Ritchie Calder, William Gregory, Hugh Mackenzie and Robin Marris; Fabian Easter School 26-30 March, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Particulars 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

SOCIETY of Mural Painters Summer Schools. London, 21-31 July. Non-residential. Indoor and outdoor painting, murals, technical demonstrations, excursions, visits to artists' studios. Venice, 13-26 Sept. Seeing the most beautiful city in the world with artists and critics. Brochure from The Artist, 33 Warwick Square, SW1.

ITALIAN Summer School; Human Relations Seminar; Holiday Painting, etc.: summer courses at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

PERSONAL

WANTED, London University Ph.D academic dress. Box 6399.

YOUNG man, 32, seeks another to share holiday abroad. Interests: music, arch., art, theatre. Box 6750.

SOLE occ. s/c. flat London offrd to woman pt week/w.e. Details pl. Box 6663.

GERMAN girl, expd office worker, fond children & housewk, desiring change & study of languages, wishes 'Au Pair' job in/nr London, 2 months or longer. Box 6490.

LONG estab. residential club London area needs additional capital for further expansion, high interest offered. Box 5997.

PERSONAL—continued

ANY ideas career for VI form boy, GCE, outstanding athlete? Box 6625.

A CAREER not important to me: work & leisure are. Letters welc. from inquirers counsellors, co-seekers. Can I be all together (or in major part) teacher, naturalist, 'outdoor pursuitist', student, sharer of intell., informal wide-viewed company, recipient of abt usual teacher's salary? Priv. ventures/organisations/assocs. (Home cntries.) M. Grad., 30, varied teaching & other exp. Box 6610.

GERMAN Physicist seeks cultured English family where daughter, 15, can stay as paying guest and attend school, April-Aug. References exchanged. Box 6600.

IMPOVERISHED & aspiring yng conductor reqs gift orchestral musical instrument. Refs. R. Ford, 168 Wiston Rd, Brighton.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655 for details.

LAME girl with surgical boot or pattern required urgently as film extra. Acting exp. unnecessary. Box 6632.

FR. boy, 19, would like to stay Eng. family Easter hol. South Eng. Box 6723.

GRAMMAR School Girl, age 16, pleasant disposition, practical, neat. Interested in nursing, seeks holiday post in France, anything considered. Exch. ref. Box 6530.

POTTER finds potting difficult with growing family and a successful coffee bar in Thameside village. Now wishes to sell latter £2,200 o.n.o. Box 6410.

'DR. Zhivago.' Retired couple, Stanmore. Like to meet others informally. Discuss literature. GRI 1998, evngs.

ST Ives, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's large old house overlkg sea. Box 6532.

NICE, South of France. Furnished double bedroom and sitting-room, use bathroom and kitchen. Near sea front. Rent £4 per week. Write Miss Ivanova, 33 Ladbroke Road, London, W11.

SWISS family, living near Zurich, willing to receive girl student (fond of children) 'au pair', 1-2 months, middle March, write: Elsaesser, Würenlos, AG, Switzerland.

PLEASING accent acquired after 2 or 3 private speech lessons. Box 6603.

JAPANESE tuition/translations. Kobayashi, St Michael's, Selborne Rd, Croydon.

TEENAGE Holidays. Easter and Summer Drama Schools; Lestherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London. Seven-day Courses starting 5 April, 5 July, 26 July, 2 Aug., 9 Aug. Eve. Course 17 Aug. £3 8s. and £3 3s. Professional Stage Staff. Syllabus from Director, Miss M. Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon.

RAF officers' uniforms and Mess kits purchased. E. Bedford, 47 Castlegate, Newark, Notts.

CHILDREN over 3 welcomed as p.g.s, own yng childn. Mr & Mrs P. D. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sx. Halland 268.

MASSAGE for health & fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 1-5 p.m.

MURALS and decorative panels painted to order. BUC. 5739.

POTTERY for Beginners: 1- or 2-week courses in small unconventional pottery. 1 hr London, beginners only. Friendly, informal. 8 gns per week inclusive full board, tuition. 24 April onwards. Box 6087.

ALEXANDER Technique, Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

VISION Corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner. Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN 1586.

MASTER a technique of magazine writing. Widen your opportunities with the personal tuition which comes from collaboration with a practising author. State your requirements to Box 6586.

BOOK manuscripts, fiction, juvenile, poetry and general invited for early publication. Royalty and authors' property agreements issued. Reasonable terms. Golden Pegasus Books Ltd (Dept. P.38), 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

STOP Smoking At Once – or money back! Free booklet from Natural Health Co., Dept. J.11, 23 White Hart Lane, SW13.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

INTELLIGENCE. May we test yours? Mensa needs more very bright people for postal research panel. 9" × 4" S.a.e.: MSA 'Sandringham', Briscoe Rd, Rainham, Essex.

DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

SEE Entertainments column: Watford Party.

ANTHONY Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8. MAI. 3200.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research. All kinds. Box 6622.

PERSONAL—continued

PUBLIC Schoolmaster, 35, plans three wks holiday during April in Naples area & Sicily with car hired locally. Would like up to 3 other people to join him. Box 6485.

PUBLISHERS would consider scripts on Educational Subjects: Languages, Commerce, Adult Education, etc. Synopsis and 1st lesson to Box 6732.

PARIS at Easter. A Party of young people & students still has a few vacs. 10 days £15. London Atelier, 1 Manchester Sq, W1.

A FRIENDLY, informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting, Desk N, 20 Denmark St, London, WC2.

CONTINENT. Attractive posts for girls avail. Also wanted, p.g., accommodation and exchanges seaside/country for students. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. 1/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HOMOSEXUALS are still frequently prosecuted for acts committed by consenting adults in private. This is likely to continue until the law is changed. Write to The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Ave, London, W1.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PAINTING Holidays, Cornwall, Galway, Jugoslavia. Write: Louis E. Crombeke, ATD Renaissance Holidays Ltd, 28 Finchley Road, London, NW8.

MSS published by commission. Details s.a.e. A. J. Chapple, Birkholme Drive, Meir Heath, Stoke, Staffs.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester, 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods.

SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, Holland Street, W8, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar SLO. 9595.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Committee Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, reports, articles, books. Box 6365.

FOREIGN girls domest. and willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also small contribution for board and lodg. & 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

SIMON Dewes, Author of best sellers, advises on your MSS: The Forge, Kettleburgh, Suffolk.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories Ltd, 315/46 Grays Inn Rd, London, WC1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

PERSONAL—continued

COUNTRY House Holidays with riding from 25 March to 28 April. Parndon Hall, 45 minutes from London, offers all that the Holiday Maker who rides can desire. 20 horses to choose from, with competent, keen instructions under a qualified instructress. Gymkhanas and games, excursions and organised evening entertainments for youngsters 7 to 17. Particulars – Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Phone Harlow 24511.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays, 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 10s. post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1.

TV Urgently Needs Scripts! Our correspondence course can teach you to earn big money by writing TV scripts that sell. Individual and practical coaching by experts. Free Prospectus from Dept 104, Television Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

WHY travel abroad when you can meet people from all parts of the world at the All Nations Social Club in Central London? Sub. 10s. p.a. Meetings, dancing, table tennis, snack bar, etc. Details All Nations Social Club, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1.

KNOW-How brings you Writing Success. No Sales – No Fees. Gift Year's Subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers, also Free Writing Ability Test. Send for free N.1 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. BA School of Successful Writing, Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

TWO-Day Sale of Progressive Books, Eng. and Foreign, 14-15 Mar. 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. 1 The Gables, Vale of Health, NW3.

'THE Tory Offensive', G. Matthews, J. Wood, H. Howarth; 'Thaw or War?' R. P. Dutt; 'War over Berlin?' I. Montagu; Soviet Communists' '21st Congress', A. Rothstein; 'A Painter of Our Time', A. Kettle. March Labour Monthly, 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly, post free from Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'CHINA'S Communes' by Dr J. S. Horn, British Surgeon resident in China. 24 pages 1s. from bookshops or 1s. 3d. post free from Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

SONORAMA, le magazine sonore de l'actualité. No. 2 (17s. 6d. post 6d.) se trouve chez Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

EZRA Pound's New Canto is in the February 'European'. 2s. from bookstalls or direct from 50 Belgrave Road, London, SW1.

'13 Ways to Break the Smoking Habit,' by Kurt Salzer, costs only 3s. 6d. in bookshops, less than the price of 20 cigarettes. It may help you! By post 3s. 10d. Duckworth, 3 Henrietta St, London, WC2.

CHRISTOPHER Logue: new long poem; Hamburger: Goethe translns, in 'Tamesis' – from Reading Univ. or London bookshops.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is 'The Good Food Guide 1959/60', edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell. Previous issues are out of date and may lead to disappointment. Invest in the new edition, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers.

'BEFORE and After Childbirth', Exercises and Relaxation, by Jane Madders, publ. Livingstones. 3s.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – illustrated leaflet for s.a.e. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Square, London, W1.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUKE Street Bureau – Bills, Reports, Specifications, all kinds of duplicating perfectly executed at low cost. 2 Duke Street, W1. WEL. 8804.

THE St. Stephen's Secretariat undertakes all kinds of duplicating and typing. 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217 and VIC. 0031.

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OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET

9 & 11 Mar. at 7.30	Les Patineurs, Giselle
10 Mar. at 8.0	Gala Performance
12 Mar. at 7.30	Le Lac des Cygnes
13 Mar. at 7.30 and 14 Mar. at 2.0	La Fête Etrange, Danses Concertantes, Petrushka
14 Mar. at 7.30	La Fête Etrange, Danses Concertantes, Checkmate

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

TER. 1672. Evenings 7.30

10 & 12 Mar.	Fidelio
11 & 19 Mar.	Russalka
13 & 17 Mar.	The Flying Dutchman
14 Mar.	Madame Butterfly
21 Mar.	Samson and Delilah

IMPRESARIO Society: Cimarosa's opera 'The Secret Marriage', 2 stage perfs., 17 & 18 Mar., 7.30, St Pancras Town Hall. Goldsbrough Orch., cond. Hans Ucko. Tkts 12s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. from Hall (TER. 7070).

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Lst perfs St., Sn., 5, 8. 'Traveller Without Luggage.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 3-yr Cont revue fr. 2.30 Sn. 4. 10th Ed. 5th wk. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30 Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. St. 5 & 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used t' Be'.

TOWER. 7.30. 5, 6, 7 Mar.: 'The Plough & The Stars'. 13, 14 (Mems. 15), 19, 20, 21 Mar.: 'The Good Woman of Setzuan'. CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Puerto Franco' L. Peck's new play. Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Last 3 perfs. Opening Ted Willis's 'God Bless the Guv'nor', Fri. 20 March. Mems.

CONCERTS

CUCaND
Nuclear Disarmament Recital
DENIS MATTHEWS
Bach-Beethoven-Debussy-Schubert
Saturday Morning 11 a.m., 7 March
Conway Hall (Holborn Tube).
Tickets 2s. 6d., 5s., at the door.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Friday 13 March at 8.15 p.m. Recital Room. Wendy Wilson piano, Douglas Heffer oboe, Janet Kirkland accompanist. Piano works by Scarlatti, Hayden, Poulenc & Chopin. Oboe works by Handel, Saint-Saens, Swain, Horne & Arnold. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s. & 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191.

MELOS Ensemble, Royal Festival Hall, this Sun. 8 Mar. at 3. Clarinet Quintet, Opus 115 (Brahms), Trout Quintet (Schubert), Septet in E flat, Opus 20 (Beethoven). Tkts 5s.-12s. 6d. WAT. 3191. (The Melos Ensemble exclusively represented by Charles Gregory, 2 Belsize Studios, NW3. PRI. 0462.)

CORNI da Camera (4 horns), 1st perf. Arnell Horn Music & Vln Sonatas. Mah. Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Sq., W1. 9 March 8 p.m.

GUITAR Society Recital. Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon., 9 March, 8 p.m. 3s. 6d. at door.

MARY Ward Settlement: Purcell's Dido & Aeneas postponed to Sat., 21 Mar., 7.30.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 8 March. 7 days. K Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, 'Summer Madness' (A). 'A Man is Ten Feet Tall' (A).

HEITERER Abend. Humorous German Verse and Prose from Busch to Kästner read by Melitha Aurelia Laing with guitar interludes by Geoffrey J. Sisley. German Institute, 51 Princes Gate, SW7. Wednesday, 11 March 1959, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 8 March: Monasteres de Provence: Crin Blanc. 15 March: Colette, Bulgarian Art; Story of the True Cross. 22 March: Ad Dei Honorem; Buma (African Sculpture); Master Pavel of Levoca.

WATFORD: Anniversary Party, Progressive League, Friday 13 March 7.45 p.m. Little Theatre Hall, 14 High Street, Watford; next to Fire Station. Train met 7.38 p.m. Watford Junction Stn. Leaves Euston 7.7. Adm. 3s. 6d. All welc. Music by Hot-Cocos.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Johnnie Ware Quartet playing Jazz for Dancing. Today, Saturday 7 March, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 8 March: 'Frenzy' (A). From 9 March: Harriet Andersson in 'Sawdust and Tinsel' (X).

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Art Society Recent Purchases. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 26 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

YOUNG Contemporaries/59, RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, SW1. 10-5, Sun. 2-5.

RNS Galleries 26 Conduit St, W1. Royal Society of Painters-Etchers & Engravers. Annual Exhib. 2-25 March, 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Recent Paintings; Bernard Kay: 1st One-man Exhibn.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St, W1. Recent paintings by John Napper. Until 14 March 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

'POLITICAL Comment and Social Satire.' The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. From 10 a.m. until 11.30 p.m. Until 14 March.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Isabel Lambert—Recent Paintings. Until March 13. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BOOKS from Poland on many subjects. Exhibitions in Cambridge 4-14 March (W. Heffer, Petty Cury); Glasgow 2-14 March (John Smith, 57-61 St Vincent St); London 16-28 March (Collet's, 44 Museum St, WC1).

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. 9-21 March. Lanceman, Francyn, Verdianelli, Paintings. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Enrico Baj: Interplanetary paintings.

THE Building Centre. Permanent but changing exhibition for all interested in buildings and their equipment. Admission free. 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. (Saturdays 1 p.m.). Store St, WC1. 'Le Corbusier Exhibition'—Building Centre, 3 February-6 March. Special openings: Thursdays 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m., Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Other days 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturdays 1 p.m. Last week.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Paintings by Bardone. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

KAPLAN Gallery: Martin Bloch—Works 1917-33. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. WHI. 8665. Until 4 April.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. New Paintings by Roger Lersy; French Impressionist paintings; 'Gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. Eighteenth Century Paintings: G. D. Tiepolo, Giaq. Corrado, Ghislandi, Carlone, Oudry, H. Robert, F. Bayeu, etc. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2, two exhibitions of paintings. Alfred Daniels & Leonie Jonleigh. 3-28 Mar.

HENRY Cliffe. The Metamorphoses Suite. 6 new lithographs. 3-28 March inclusive. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. St George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1959. Opens 7 March. Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Paintings by Philip Sutton; 12 March to 8 April. (253.)

PARKWAY Gallery, 58 Parkway, Regent's Park, NW1. Paintings by Harry Gordon. Opening 9 March.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings and Drawings by Suzanne Rodillon Till 21 March. Daily 10-6 except Sundays.

THE New American Painting. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 22 March. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Bryan Wynter: recent paintings. Opening 10 March. 2 Cork Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 8 German Painters: Bruning, Gaul, Gotz, Hoehme, Dahmen, Schultze, Schumacher, Platschek. 19 Feb.-14 Mar. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Drawings by Gordon Fazakerley, 19 Feb.-14 Mar.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

RUSSIAN Paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Extended till 8 March. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., Paintings by Henry Inlander and Denis Mathews. Water-colours by Andre Bicat. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ULR Club—Marquee Meeting cancelled
ULR Club joins Africa Bureau for a Meeting on 'THE CRISIS IN CENTRAL AFRICA', Mon. 9 Mar., 7.30, Caxton Hall. TREVOR HUDDLESTON, LORD HEMINGFORD, DR CHIDZERO, MRS EIRENE WHITE.
ULR Study Group: Hist. of Socialism, Sun. 8 March, 7.30, LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1. 'Reformism, Fabianism & the early Labour Party'.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 13 Mar., 5.45. Richard Titmuss, 'The Welfare State,' 7 Carlisle St, W1. Entrance 9d., members free (school students only).

UNDER 21 and want to get older? Aldermaston-London march for ND starting Good Friday. Buses leave London—few places left at 5s. for under 21's. Reserve place: London Schools Aldermaston Campaign, 7 Carlisle St, W1, giving age.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 6 Mar. 8 p.m. 'The Son,' Soviet film about young generation. Tkts 3s., mems 2s. Fri. 13 Mar. 8 p.m. Recital by Hertha L. Ernst, J. W. Ernst & Peter C. Friis (of Marie Steiner School for Speech & Dram. Art) in Russian & English (translns), Poetry & Prose by Pushkin, Tyutchev, Dostoevsky, Solovyov, Blok, Pasternak. Sat. 14 Mar. 8 p.m. Russian Social Evening at 45 Colet Gdns, SW5 (Royal Ballet School). Anya Linden, Igor Tamarin, Nico Chavchavadze. Russian Dances, Songs, Gypsy Music. Russian buffet. Prog. in adv. 5s. (mems 3s.) from 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. PARk 7696.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. 11 March, Joint Meeting with Society of Labour Lawyers: Michael Scott, 'The Future of South West Africa', Chairman: Dingle Foot, MP. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4, 7.30 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

LABOUR'S Into Action Brains Trust. Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, WC1, 7.45 p.m. Mon. 9 March. Adm. 6d at door. Put your questions to Lena Jeger, MP, Dick Crossman, MP, Tony Greenwood, MP, Bob Mellish MP, Michael Stewart MP. All welc.

SIR John Wolfenden, The Countess of Limerick on 'The Work of Family Service Units in London', Kensington Town Hall, Monday, 9 March, at 8.30 p.m.

THE Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, WC1. Open Meeting, Fri., 13 March, at 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. Subject: 'Antoni Gaudi of Barcelona' (with illusns on the Screen). Spkr: Dr Nikolaus Pevsner, CBE. Visitors will be welc. & are invited to take part in the discussion. Refreshments.

CALLING all Women. International Women's Day Celebration at Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, WC1. Sunday 8 March at 7 p.m. Chairman: Mrs D. N. Pritt. Artists: Anna Pollak, Martin Lawrence, Bruce Turner. Tickets 1s. each at door.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Mr Wolsey Talking—a discussion of good and bad pieces of period furniture. Thursdays, 12 and 19 March at 7 p.m. (253).

'GRODDECK on The World of the Spirit', Oscar Köllerström, Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, 9 March, 8.15 p.m.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 8 Mar. O. R. McGregor, B.Sc.Econ., 'The Family Today'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Pl. Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 10 Mar. J. M. Alexander, 'Is Freemasonry a Religion?'

IF we are to survive (Nuclear War?—Economic 'Crisis?) Pub. Meeting. Sun., 15 March, 7 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. Socialist Party of Gt Brit.

MEETINGS of up to 100 persons can be held in the newly designed Asquith Room at 2 Soho Sq., W1. 'Phone or write for full detls to Office Manager, ACTT. GER. 8506.

HOWARD League. Glanville L. Williams, LLD, PhD, on 'Crime and Sin'. Caxton Hall, SW1. Tues. 10 March, 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Chaucer and the Difficult Art of Poetry' will be delivered by Professor T. Donaldson (Yale) at 3.30 p.m. on 12 March at University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission Free, without Ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

CONWAY HALL, Wed. 11 Mar (7.45). Questions & Answers Meeting on 'Russia's New Plan and New Planet'. V. Nekrasov ('Pravda'), O. Sapunov (Soviet Embassy), A. Rothstein and Pat Sloan (BSFS). Res. tckts 1s. 6d. from BSFS, 36 Spencer St, EC1.

'BRIDGING the Gap Between Physical Planning and Social Planning.' A Study Day to be held at the London School of Economics on Sat., 7 March, at 10 a.m. Admission 5s. for non-members of International Centre for Regional Planning and Development.

THE Child, The Family and The Juvenile Court. Chairman: C. H. Rolph. Speakers John Watson & Alma Birk. Monday, 9 March, 8 p.m., ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Org. by Council for Children's Welfare.

'CHINA. The Communes'. Lecture by G. C. T. Giles (8 months in China in 1958) at Hampstead Town Hall, Mon., 9 March 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Hamp. BCFA.

DEBATE at the New Jewish Soc.—That this house puts not its trust in Politicians. 36 Hallam St, W1. 8 p.m. Wed. 11 Mar.

BUDDHIST Society, Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 11 March, 6.30 sharp: 'The Heresy of Holiness', M. O'C. Walshe. Also, at 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, Tue. 10 March, 6.30: Beginners' Class, Lesson 1 (the first of 4 fortnightly lessons, open to all), and 14 March, 3 p.m., Saturday Group (readings, discussion and tea, open to all—bring your friends). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in West. Book now for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sep., £9 incl. Information TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 8 March, 6.30. Music & Readings 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming: 'The Inspiration of Example'.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 14 March at 6 p.m. Mr Aziz Baluch: Sufi Music and Sufi Philosophy.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun., 8 March, 8 p.m. 'On Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun., 8 Mar. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Edith Adlam, 'Christ's Way of Life for Today'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns, 5 p.m. Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs., 12 Mar., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Sri Ramakrishna's Experiences'. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society—Geoffrey Elkan: The Functions of a Humanist Society. At 37 Broadhurst Gdns, Sat., Mch. 14, at 2.45.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NATIONAL Conference on The Backward Child, Nottingham University, 17-18 April. Speakers include eminent authorities and classroom teachers. Exhibition of suitable books, etc. Further particulars from Mr S. S. Segal, Hon. Sec., Guild of Teachers of Backward Children, 10 Fielding Hse, Boundary Rd, London, NW8.

'JAZZ in Perspective', Weekend Course 13-15 March at Pendley Manor, Tring. Speakers: Francis Newton (NS critic) and others. Fee £3 10s. Application to the Secretary, Tring 2302.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Growth of College Libraries before 1500' will be delivered by Mr. Neil R. Ker (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on 12 and 13 March at King's College, Strand, WC2. Admission Free, Without Ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

SHORT Courses at Urchfont Manor. Weekends: The Humanist Tradition; Law for the Layman. Weeks: Thinking, Speaking, Writing; The Concept of Mind (Easter). For Women: Speak Your Mind. Family Courses in August. Details from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr Devizes, Wilts.

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LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 351

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